

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—The month of March began with greatly increased political activity. Senator Reed's campaign carried him across the country to California. He ignored Prohibition and the League of Nations and concentrated on Republican corruption. On one occasion he solemnly accused President Coolidge of misfeasance in office. The McAdoo forces brought out Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, as their candidate. He immediately entered the South Dakota primaries against Governor Smith, where he was defeated. The three-cornered Democratic struggle in California was watched with interest. The Hoover boom continued to meet with a series of counter-attacks, the most recent one being that the so-called "Harding crowd" was in charge of his forces. Meanwhile, at St. Petersburg, Florida, the Southern States Prohibition Convention was holding its sessions. Vigorous statements against any "wet" candidate were issued, and in particular Governor Smith was attacked. The Walsh candidacy did not as yet receive the support of these "drys." In most quarters it was not taken seriously, since in the event of his nomination it is certain that the party would receive practically nothing in the way of campaign funds.

Political Activity

John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers of America, appeared before the Senate Committee investigating conditions in the soft-coal field on March 7, and made a series of sensational charges. According to him, the trouble began with the railroad companies who entered into what he called a conspiracy to reduce the prices of coal. This led the coal companies, he said, to abrogate their contract with the miners, thereupon bringing on the strike. He claimed that the bituminous industry was in the worst state of demoralization it had ever known. In places where non-union labor was employed, the work-day had been increased to ten hours while wages were reduced to \$2, \$3, and \$4 a day. Mr. Lewis called upon the Congress for legislation to correct the abuses that have sprung up in the use of injunctions in labor disputes, to prevent railroads from exploiting the bituminous industry and to hinder coal companies from usurping police functions.

Austria.—No change was contemplated in the policy of Austria regarding the South Tyrol as a result of Premier Mussolini's speech in Rome. The Central Committee of the Austrian parliament, which is composed of representatives of all the political parties, voted unanimously to support the program of the Chancellor, Msgr. Seipel. An official communiqué stated: "After a debate in which the speakers of all political parties participated, unanimous support was voted to the Government in its controversy with Italy." The Chancellor was reported to have said "that under no circumstances would Austria meddle in Italian domestic affairs, but she would not relinquish her right nor fail in her duty to arouse the world's conscience to the South Tyrol's sufferings." The Socialists showed interest in the agitation as a fight of democracy against Fascism, the Pan-Germans were swayed by the blood ties between Germans and the South Tyrolese and Msgr. Seipel's own party was moved by the oppression of a people who were denied freedom of worship.

South Tyrol Agitation

China.—Communist activities again assumed appreciable proportions. Reports of wholesale murders of propertied classes were received from Canton. In the East River district to the east of the city a million farmers, fishermen and salt makers, were reported to have "gone Red" and to be threatening an advance on Canton.

Communist Activities

In anticipation of trouble the Canton Government recalled 25,000 troops from Kweilin, the old capital of the Kwangsi Province, where they had gone some time ago to offset Communist attacks. Associated Press dispatches on March 6, noted that foreign and official communications from Swatow described Communist terrorism in the country districts in Northeastern Kwangtung as causing a wholesale exodus of refugees toward Swatow, while thousands were trying to emigrate to Siam and Singapore. A cable of the same date to the *New York Times* stated that "the entire population of a village numbering nearly 3,000 has been massacred by the Communists in the Swatow hinterland because the whole village was Roman Catholic."

Egypt.—Another of the periodic crises in Egyptian government occurred over the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty. When the British Protectorate in Egypt was abolished in 1922, it was with the understanding that such questions as those of national defense, the rights of minorities, the Sudan problem, the protection of the Suez Canal, etc., should be settled later by mutual agreement. Following discussions last summer between Sir Austen Chamberlain and King Fuad, and also the Premier, Sarwat Pasha, the text of a treaty was prepared and recently presented to the Egyptian Government. The Nationalists combined into a strong opposition to the terms offered; these, according to the British view, included generous concessions. The Egyptian Government rejected the treaty unconditionally because the terms of the alliance suggested were "incompatible with the independence and sovereignty of Egypt." After this, the Egyptian Cabinet resigned. Great Britain immediately sent a note to Sarwat Pasha through Lord Lloyd, the British High Commissioner, stating that the British Government "cannot permit the discharge of their responsibilities under the declaration of February 28, 1922, to be endangered" and that it reserved "the right to take such steps as in their view the situation may demand." The deadlock which has developed has already affected adversely British relations throughout the Near East.

France.—Definite progress in settling the Tangier controversy was made by the signing, on March 3, of an agreement between France and Spain, whereby the policing of the city of Tangier and the surrounding international zone was given over to Spain. The whole territory remains, by the latest agreement, with sovereignty vested in the Sultan of Morocco under a French Protectorate. But by giving Spain police authority, it is hoped to prevent the district from serving as headquarters for revolutionary movements, and as a base of supplies and safe asylum for rebel activities in the Spanish zone. The agreement to be effective must be approved by the other interested Powers.

Secretary of State Kellogg's note of February 28, to France on the outlawry of war received considerable un-

sympathetic comment in the French press. Some of the critics insisted that it would be impossible to adjust the proposal to the obligation of France to the League and the Locarno pacts. Others challenged the consistency of the plan with the attitude of the United States at Havana in opposing the non-intervention resolution, or pointed to Nicaragua with the suggestion that America seemed to maintain conflicting definitions of war for the eastern and western hemispheres. No reply or official comment from the French Government had been given at the time of going to press.

Great Britain.—Principal among the topics treated in the Lenten Pastorals, the texts of which have now been received, is that of the recent Encyclical on Church Unity.

In words that are clear and strong, the Bishops declare that there can be no compromise with heresy or schism, and that there is only one way possible to religious unity. Some of the Pastorals link up the recent Papal document with the fact that the English Martyrs died for precisely this principle of Catholic unity expressed by Pope Pius XI. Others combine the Encyclical with a discussion of the prayer-book controversy and the Malines Conversations. Another topic treated in several of the Pastorals is the danger of non-Catholic education and the necessity of providing accommodations for all Catholic children in schools under Catholic auspices.

Orders were issued to the British airplane squadrons in Egypt, Palestine and India to hold themselves in readiness for further developments in the "Holy War" that has been instituted by the tribesmen of the Arabian desert. Hostilities were directed by these principally against the British Mandates, Iraq and Transjordan. The leader of the tribesmen, Ibn Saud, King of Hedjaz, rose to power during the World War and was employed since then by Great Britain to preserve peace in the Arabian desert. His followers, especially the Wahabi Moslem, forced him to break with the British authorities and issue a declaration of war against the neighboring mandated countries. One of the British interests is the protection of the aerodrome at Shaiba, an important connection in the air-route to India and Australia.

Hungary.—The eighth anniversary of the election of Admiral Horthy as Regent was marked by the proclamation of an amnesty for all prisoners held for political crimes and sentenced for not more than five years. The several hundred persons affected by this order had been convicted for writing or speaking against the Government or the officers of State. An agitation was set on foot to include Prince Windischgrätz and Police President Nadosky under this amnesty. They were sentenced in 1926 to four years' imprisonment for complicity in the French franc forgery case. The Court which tried the prisoners was asked to decide whether they were eligible

American
Note
Criticized

Lenten
Pastorals

Arabian
Tribesmen
Restless

Amnesty
Proclaimed

Tangier
Settlement
Advanced

for pardon as political rather than civil offenders. Baron Ludwig Hatvany, who was sentenced last month to seven years for his writings against the Government of Count Bethlen did not come under the terms of the amnesty.

Ireland.—In their Lenten Pastorals, the Bishops concerned themselves mostly with questions of a moral and ascetical nature. They placed strong emphasis on the social evils that have been affecting

Pastoral Letters

Irish life, immodesty in dress, extravagant dancing, intemperance, and the wide circulation of immoral literature. While acknowledging that these dangers are prevalent in other countries, some of the Pastorals insist that the level of Catholic practice should be kept as high as possible. The Archbishop of Dublin, in particular, calls on his people to cooperate in a revival of the Catholic spirit of uncompromising morality and exalted spirituality. Among the other subjects discussed by the Bishops are those of the reunion of Christendom, the dangers of secret societies, and the position of the Catholic brethren in Mexico. The Bishops of Northern Ireland complained about the injustices suffered by Catholics from the central and local Governments. The Bishop of Derry makes demand that the rights of Catholic education in all its branches be guarded throughout the Northern Area.

Italy.—On March 3, Premier Mussolini replied before a thronged Chamber to the protests of the Austrian Chancellor and Parliament against Italy's treatment

Mussolini Answers Austria

of German-speaking people of the Province of Bolzano. His speech, which was received with enthusiasm by the Deputies, made no reference to the language question, the issue most stressed by Austria. Rather it was a general defense of the Fascist administration of the Province, in which he pointed out the measures taken for industrial development, housing, and transportation. Charges of oppression and tyranny, which had appeared in the Austrian press, were flatly denied.

Declaring that this speech would be his last word on the subject, and that in the future he would let the facts do the talking, he called attention to the fact that there

Reprisals Threatened

were still fifteen German-language newspapers in the Province. These would, however, be suppressed if there were any further anti-Italian campaigns carried on in Austria. He scoffed at the idea of referring the matter to the League of Nations, exclaiming, "Geneva? What a hope!"

The general impression in Vienna was that the Premier's threats were little more than a gesture, and that his silence on the language question was so conspicuous as to be

Austrian Press Comment

interpreted everywhere as a confession of weakness. The *Reichspost* pointed out that only the Socialists in Austria had criticized Fascism, as such, other parties merely appealing to the conscience of the world to uphold the rights of minorities. The editor of the *Neue Freie Presse*, a

Liberal paper, addressed an open letter to Mussolini, in which he said in part:

In Saturday's speech you wronged Austria. The world knows you are a man of exuberant temperament, prone to the use of superlatives and exaggerated language, but how found you it necessary to threaten Austria? You speak of an "Italy of 50,000,000, and Austria, what is she?" These words can only mean that you consider yourself strong and us weak.

What mean you this time by the use of the words, "next time, deeds?" Why refuse us the only right which the weak have, namely, the right to complain?

We cannot think a political athlete such as you is not able to find one frontier which is so weak you are ashamed to attack. You must realize you have wronged us, because you did not and cannot refute Chancellor Seipel's arguments. Moral forces are on our side and they are stronger than all international law.

Practically all comment in the press stressed Il Duce's ignoring of the language question.

Japan.—As the result of the stalemate created by the elections which gave the Government party 219 members in Parliament and the Opposition 217, speculation

Election Aftermath

was rife as to how the fourteen Independents would align themselves at the coming session of the Diet, convoked to meet on April 20. The decree calling the session notes that it will last a fortnight, a time limit that would seem to indicate that the Government does not intend to challenge the Opposition on a crucial issue. The new budget embodying many items of the so-called positive policy has been dropped, last year's budget remaining automatically in force. The Laborites intimated that the conditions on which they will support the Government will include demands for Government sanction of birth control, a legal minimum wage and the regulation of food prices. Meanwhile interest in the political situation waned a bit owing to a widespread epidemic of influenza which, though the fatalities were not many, caused a deal of national anxiety. Among those attacked was the Emperor himself, and members of the imperial family. On March 7, his six-months old daughter died a victim of influenza.

Jugoslavia.—The Government constituted by M. Vukitchevitch was attacked by the Opposition at the opening session of the Skupshtina. M. Raditch, leader

Raditch Suspended

of the Croatian Peasant party, based his attack on alleged corrupt conditions as prevailing in the State prisons. Dr. Korosec, Minister of the Interior, offered full satisfaction in reply to the demand for reform, offering at once a Government investigation. His remarks failed to satisfy the Opposition, which began an uproar which developed into fist fighting. Later Dr. Korosec announced that the State prosecutor had been ordered to investigate the charges and bring guilty persons to trial. When, however, M. Raditch proceeded to reflect on the moral status of the Throne, Army and Radical party, his remarks were found insulting by the President of the Chamber, and he was expelled by a majority vote amid an uproar which ended the session. The turmoil was continued by the Raditch followers on the succeeding day.

Mexico.—That the American effort to establish the economic stability of the Mexican Government had not abated was shown by the various items of news which were allowed to leak out of that country.

Various Rumors

It was said that Ambassador Morrow was studying the agrarian question, even more important than the oil question, and that the high court was shortly to deliver opinions on the land laws, which were expected to be favorable to American interests. Various rumors were current, also, that the bankers had agreed upon a loan to Mexico, but the terms of this were not revealed. A group of more than one hundred American publicists were visiting Mexico, including Walter Lippmann of the *New York World*, and Roy Howard of the *Scripps-Howard* newspapers. It was also stated that a committee of railroad interests would shortly visit the country. Meanwhile, fighting took place in the central and western part of the country, especially in Aguascalientes, Michoacan and Jalisco. Terrible suffering was reported from the concentration camps, and the epidemic of smallpox was raging unabated.

Nicaragua.—On March 7, the Senate, with little opposition, passed the bill providing for United States supervision of the coming October elections, as modified

McCoy Bill Passes

by Foreign Minister Cuadro Pasos at Havana, and approved by the State Department in Washington, and by Brig. Gen. Frank R. McCoy. It was immediately sent to the House of Deputies where a hard fight was anticipated. Before passing the bill, the Senate rejected the substitute measure previously passed by the House but found unacceptable to the United States.

Poland.—The national elections for Sejm Deputies showed a strong drift toward liberalism and away from conservatism. The "Pilsudski bloc," a non-political party

backed by the Government, gained at least 140 mandates in the next Parliament. In addition to the thirty-three

parties already in the field, the Marshal created another which proved strongest of all. The opponents of the Pilsudski Government returned only about seventy Deputies, compared with 230 in the last Sejm. The Socialists were credited with a fifty per cent gain. A gain of ten gave the Radical Peasants' party sixty seats. Contrary to all predictions, the Communists placed about fifteen. Since the pledged supporters of Premier Pilsudski form the biggest single Sejm caucus, he will not be able to rule without Parliament, as formerly. The Nationalists were so embittered that little hope was entertained of gaining their support. The final victory of Pilsudski power can be recorded only when the Premier controls a majority in Parliament before calling that body into session. The elections left the Government as strong as ever and the Marshal's position unshaken.

League of Nations.—The Forty-ninth Session of the League of Nations Council opened on March 5, pre-

sided over by Francisco J. Urrutia, of Colombia. The question of the proposed transfer of the League headquarters was settled in favor of remaining at Geneva. The report of the special committee which has been studying the question of a new building on Lake Lemman was definitely approved, and the Secretary General empowered to proceed with contracts. M. Briand insisted on a proper façade for the new building. The offer of the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation to grant a \$50,000 subsidy, the same as last year, for the interchange of medical and health officers in 1928 was accepted, and technical cooperation with the health authorities of the Latin American countries was decided upon. Postponement was decided upon in the case of the proposed Portuguese loan of \$60,000,000 on the ground that that nation had not offered sufficient guarantees and also opposed the League's proposals of customs control. The French, British and German Foreign Ministers and the Italian and Japanese delegates were said to be having considerable discussion on an informal basis to the anti-war plan of Secretary Kellogg, and to favor further negotiations, leading to a clearer statement of aims.

A committee of three members was appointed by the Council to study the two hundred pages of documents submitted by General Tanczos, of Hungary, who ap-

Arms Shipment

peared before the Council to testify in the matter of the arms shipment. The guns, said the General, were destined for Poland. Bills of lading were produced from an Italian shipping firm in Verona, but were found by the Council to need further substantiation. General Tanczos insisted that the guns were destroyed by the Hungarian Government in the interests of peace. The Council finally decided upon an investigation, to take place on Hungarian soil. The actual settlement of the matter will however be postponed until the June session.

Our special correspondent, Eugene Weare, has asked for permission to speak in the pages of AMERICA of one to whom he owes much. His "Tribute to Father Tierney" will appear next week.

Important events are happening in the religious sphere in England. Malines, Lausanne, the Prayer-book controversy, the Pope's encyclical are signposts on a way which will be described by Stanley B. James next week in "The Future of Anglicanism."

Lida Rose McCabe's "Church Art in Gotham" startled and pleased many who did not know that New York had such a wonderful Catholic exhibition. Next week, the same writer will describe the Church art in the Morgan collection in the Metropolitan Museum.

Darwin is in danger of becoming a god! Francis P. LeBuffe will expose the danger in "Darwinolatry."

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Saint Patrick

THE soberest statement of fact concerning St. Patrick and the new Ireland that he created has the unfortunate aspect of appearing extravagantly rhetorical. Even the dullest of intellects and the most faded of imaginations would find it difficult to tell the story of Patrick's words and acts in a colorless or uninspired style. For there never was a dull or a faded day to record in the long years of his romantic career.

No flourish of rhetoric, then, and no appeal to passion is needed to arouse the enthusiasm of the man or woman of the Gael towards St. Patrick. He is greater than any of his eulogists. He is the spiritual heritage that is shared by every child of Irish blood. He is burned so deeply into the Irish soul that speech about him is unneeded. The imprint of his sandals is still upon the sacred soil of the four Provinces, his breath is lingering yet over the vales and the hills, his hand is still upraised in benediction over the heads of his children, and his spirit has been perpetuated through all the generations as the soul of his people. Never has the father of a race begotten spiritual children so like unto himself as has St. Patrick. And never in all of history have the children through fifteen centuries continued to bear the image of their spiritual father as have the Irish.

Throughout the entire career of St. Patrick, the workings of God in him and through him were as plain as was the voice of God speaking to Moses on Mount Sinai. The miracles that he wrought, the spiritual wisdom of his words, the favors that he wrestled for and won in behalf of his children, the promises of Divine protection that he demanded with bold insistence and obtained for his beloved island until that day before the coming of anti-Christ when the sea would rise up and engulf it, are signs of the lavish patronage which God bestowed on Patrick and through him on his children. But on his side, Patrick

placed no limit on his generous allegiance to God, through days and nights of silent prayer, through heroic penances and curbing of the flesh, through ceaseless preachings and good-doings. The practice of prayer and penance, prolonged and severe, that Patrick taught by word and example has been the characteristic of Irish spirituality from his time to our own.

Considered as a man among men rather than a man of God, Patrick must be listed among the world-geniuses. He was a strategist of the shrewdest order that accepted the natural traits of a race and moulded them without distorting them. He was as violent as a cloudburst and as gentle as a summer breeze, he was a prosaic realist and a dreamer of visions, he knew the moment to strike and the time to retreat, when to threaten and when to plead, for he was the master psychologist. Like Dante, he was the theologian that could harness abstruse mysteries in plain speech. He was a lawgiver establishing codes like Moses, a prophet such as Isaias, and he was as playful as Francis of Assisi. He was that sort of man among men about whom legends grow and to whom romance clings. But shearing off the fanciful, the true Patrick remains as the epitome of that eruptive, restless, idealistic, visionary and spiritual race that is the Irish.

War in the Coal Fields

THE war in the coal fields is not so simple a matter that a group of men sitting around a table can settle all the issues over a couple of friendly cigars. It is one of the most complicated questions in the modern industrial world.

The industry is heavily over-developed. Too many mines are being operated. The worker cannot bargain for a wage, because he can be too easily replaced. Miners are a drug on the market. The operators claim, and rightly, that they cannot pay the union scale and compete with operators a few miles across the State line in a district where the union has been destroyed.

Hence when the miner demands a union wage the operator has a good answer, and should the miner decide to form a union, the operator will fight like a man forced into the last ditch. He is not nice, usually, in his choice of weapons. Strike-breakers, company-police under no responsibility to the State, and the injunction make their appearance, and the war is on.

We do not assert and have never claimed that this perpetual state of war in the coal fields is due to sheer "cussedness" which makes the operators prefer conflict to peace. Yet it is beyond question that many of them have developed a hard-boiled obstinacy that will result in the establishment of the I. W. W. with all its excesses among the miners.

The results reached by the Senate Investigating Committee are far from encouraging. Very few of the operators who put in an appearance at Pittsburgh showed willingness to cooperate with a view of reaching an equitable settlement of the difficulties. Senator Gooding's rebuke to one of them was fully merited. "You are either going

to have the United Mine Workers of America, or you are going to have the I. W. W. You are aiding one of the worst evils in the world—Bolshevism that degrades manhood and will eventually destroy the very foundations of our government."

It is not only the mining industry that is facing the choice of free unions or the I. W. W. The gains won by labor during the War and in the succeeding years have been almost entirely lost. Unemployment is greater than at any time since 1913. The fight against the union is as keen—and conducted with an infinitely higher degree of skill—as the fight when unions first began to make their appearance a century ago. Capital is again in the saddle. What it has done since 1920 to wreck this government is plain from the Walsh investigations. With equal liberality and with the same malevolent intent it will subsidize either party or any candidate who can be relied upon to dance when the strings are pulled. What it is doing to wreck industrial peace is plain enough from its bitter war on the right of employees to form free unions, and freely act in defense of their rights as human beings and as workers.

Will the end be the I. W. W. in government as well as in industry?

Poor Mexico

NEWS from Mexico is about as discouraging as it could well be. Things are going from bad to worse. The will to inflict slavery upon a brave people, very many of them Indians, whose only crime is that they have refused to have their faith snatched from them, is as strong as ever. The only wonder is that they have kept up the struggle so long in the face of such discouraging odds.

Yet here and there one hears of Catholics who say disparagingly: "They brought it all upon themselves." "The Church is to blame, after all." "If the priests and Bishops had been about their business, this would not have happened. Now they are getting what they deserve."

It is, of course, in vain for these people that the Catholic press has rung for nigh unto two years with refutations of these taunts, and of the calumnies on which they are based. In vain has history been combed to show that, whoever else is to blame, the Church which has been deprived of power for more than four generations, is not to blame. In vain logic has been invoked to ridicule the argument that because some Bishop overstepped his bounds a century ago, therefore Bishop Diaz and Archbishops Ruiz and Mora should be punished.

The painful fact is that in only too many places the propaganda of the enemy has had its effect.

An even more painful fact, and one even more hard to explain to Mexican friends, is the apparently callous indifference of Americans to the fearful sufferings of brethren in the Faith. In many concentration camps in unhappy Mexico thousands of poor people are herded, forced to leave their huts, their small fields, their few cattle, and among them now a terrible epidemic of smallpox and of typhoid is raging.

Why is this going on?

The brutal truth is that it is because it thus serves the political exigencies of some, and the financial ambitions of others. Mexico lies prostrate in bankruptcy. Will it be said in future days that the emissaries of mercy were not there to lift her up, but merely vultures speculating how much they can make out of her? For the honor of our own beloved country, let us pray that this will not be said with justice.

Meanwhile a large group of American publicists are on a jaunt to Mexico City. Will Calles dare to show them the truth? Of course not. Whatever they are down for, they are not down for that.

There are two things Mexico needs right now: she needs that the world know the exact truth about her, and she needs that the merciful hand of the world come to assist those who are starving and dying, only for love of their religion.

Almsgiving and the Miners

ALMSGIVING has always been in honor among Catholics as one of the very best ways, along with prayer and fasting, of observing Lent.

That this spirit of self-denial is alive among us today as vividly as ever, has come home to the editors of AMERICA these days as the letters come rolling in with their gifts, ranging from one dollar to five hundred.

The appeal made here two weeks ago has been certainly heard. As we go to press, six days after the date of publication of that appeal, our readers have sent us to be forwarded to the Bishop of Pittsburgh the splendid sum of \$3,790.32.

One encouraging part of the whole affair has been the large number of small sums contributed. There was no reason after all to fear that many would say: "I can only spare a dollar. I am ashamed to send that." If five hundred people said that, we should be after a fashion \$500 short.

"If thou hast much," says Holy Writ, "give much. But if thou hast little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little."

It is good to know that so many readers of AMERICA are sharing in this investment. "It shall bring thee more profit than gold." It will pay a higher dividend than Standard Oil or General Motors. How much is invested is after all immaterial. The measure of the return is the spirit which prompts. "In the day of affliction thou shalt be remembered, and thy sins shall melt away like ice in fair warm weather."

The return, then, is as ample upon a small investment, if that is all we can give, as upon one that is great.

"Give alms out of thy substance, and turn not away thy face from any poor person."

"For so it shall come to pass that the face of the Lord shall not be turned from thee."

"Whosoever shall give a drink to one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, amen I say to you, he shall not lose his reward."

Wealthy and poor have deserved the reward promised by Our Lord in these words. For a word of pity, of faith, and of love from the thief upon the cross, He gave life everlasting. They shall not lose their reward who have tried to help poor pitiful waifs on the chill hill-sides of Western Pennsylvania.

Hegel and Mr. Will Hays

IT does not appear that Mr. Will Hays, who is by way of being a moral reformer, covered himself with glory in his recent appearance to testify before the Walsh Committee. When asked, nearly four years ago, if Mr. Harry F. Sinclair had contributed more than \$75,000 to the Republican campaign deficit, he had replied in the negative. Last week the skilled and incisive questioning of Senator Walsh brought the whole truth out.

Mr. Sinclair, no doubt with the highest and purest of motives, had contributed not \$75,000 but \$165,000. With the same motives, Mr. Hays had accepted that sum for the campaign committee. Questioned as to the reasons why this information had not been vouchsafed in 1924, Mr. Hays replied neatly that he had not been asked about that small matter.

Obviously, it is his view that a citizen has no duty to help the Government to convict rascals who have corrupted its officials, and robbed the people, unless questioned meticulously and in detail.

It must be admitted, however, that this cribbed and cabined view of the duties of a good citizen, properly summoned to the witness-stand, is by no means original with Mr. Hays, or confined to him. As a manifestation of a deep-seated evil, the legalistic view of morality, it seems to be fairly general.

When Christianity and its influence began to wane in this country, the power which it once exercised in social and political life was assumed by the Hegelian doctrine of the State. The State was not the servant of the citizen. It was not to be even a ready and convenient instrument. It was his over-lord and god. Of every right and duty, it was the source and sanction. Thus it became not merely a political philosophy, but a kind of religion.

The objective standard of morality rejected, and the Decalogue classed as a relic of tribal legislation, men sought and found a new standard and a new Decalogue in the State. Anything was allowable, was "right," which the State did not specifically and in detail proscribe. Anything was allowable and "right" which the common consent of the community took as such. Man had no rights but only concessions from the State. On the other hand, however, he had no duties to the State, or to any person, except those specifically demanded by the State.

Human ingenuity soon learned to slip through these loose meshes with ease.

Mr. Hays may well plead, in view of this philosophy, that if the State—here represented by the duly appointed Senate Committee—did not specifically lay upon him the duty of telling all he knew, no such duty existed. Let the consuls look to it; the burden was not upon his shoulders.

If the Committee hung it so loosely on his back that it slipped off, he was under no obligation to pick it up, and replace it firmly.

Hegel triumphs again, and to the detriment of good government.

Murder in Maryland

THE American press, with the notable exception of the *Chicago Tribune*, printed only the briefest reports of the trial in Baltimore of the Prohibition agents who killed Charles Gundlach. Yet if liberty and the guarantees of the Constitution mean anything at all, it was one of the most important cases tried since the Civil War.

Gundlach, an aged and inoffensive farmer in St. Mary's County, Maryland, was in the habit, it was alleged, of brewing beer for his own use. It is not said that he sold it, but occasionally he gave some of it to his neighbors.

Late one night his house was raided. The dry agents had no warrant, and when Gundlach, resisting the intrusion, sought to expel them, he was shot and killed instantly.

The first difficulty encountered was in bringing the leader of the agents to trial. The Federal Government intervened, and despite the protests of the Maryland authorities, transferred the case to the Federal courts.

What followed is denounced by the *Baltimore Post* as a travesty upon a legal process. The defense was turned over to the Federal district attorney. "The court fairly outdid itself," reports the *Post*. "Judge Coleman told the jurors that, while the agents possessed no search warrant, there was no evidence of trespass; that Gundlach was not entitled to resist them on that ground." Testimony that the agent who did the shooting was a former bootlegger, known to bear a grudge against Gundlach, was ruled out.

Evidently the old doctrine that a man's house is his castle does not obtain in the district Federal courts in Maryland. As Grummer observes, "That's all gammon!"

"In other words," comments the *Post*, "a dry agent may invade your home on the mere suspicion that you may be violating the sacred Prohibition law, and kill you if you resist."

As a correspondent who wrote us recently from "The Golden Rule Hotel" observes, the only way of enforcing Prohibition is to stand all third offenders against a wall, and shoot them at sunrise. Such trifles as search-warrants, indictment, trial, and other constitutional guarantees should not be allowed to interfere either with the Volstead Act or the whim of some Prohibition agent whose past will not bear close inspection. If, as seems to be the case, the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act have displaced the Constitution with the guarantees, we agree that our correspondent is right.

A prominent candidate for the Presidency announces in unctuous tones that Prohibition is the greatest moral reform known to history. Opinions differ. Ours, speaking from a legal and constitutional viewpoint, is that the whole thing—Amendment, Act, and enforcement—is shockingly and repulsively immoral.

Welding Our Catholic Alumni

WILLIAM I. LONERGAN, S.J.

OBVIOUSLY Catholicism is on trial in the United States. The non-Catholic public is intensely inquisitive just now about all that the Catholic Church stands for, her principles, ideals, dogmas and policies. The motives back of this unusual interest are of little moment: the fact, however, is important. Particularly significant is the increased popular attention centering on Catholic higher education. Much of it is gratifyingly appreciative: some of it, unfortunately, is critically unfriendly. This last, however, is not an unmixed evil: at least it makes us examine our educational consciences.

Passing over other phases of the indictment drawn up against our colleges and universities, we note that critics are particularly insistent that somehow the alumni of Catholic colleges are not as conspicuous as they should be, individually or in groups, in State and national affairs. The man power they represent is not being efficiently used, if we are to credit the critics, for God and country. Locally many of the alumni stand out in their respective communities for the integrity of their lives and their civic, professional and commercial achievements. But with the majority their talents seem to lie buried. Meant to be lights of the world by reason of the exceptional advantages a Catholic college training has given them, too often they remain hid under the proverbial bushel. By their fruits, a Christian axiom warns us, men and institutions may be known. Our seventy-seven colleges for men list more than 150,000 old students scattered throughout the country. Where, the critics ask, are their fruits?

It is merely appearances that are against us. If evidences of the leadership and creative scholarship and marked civic worth which everywhere exist are none too patent, perhaps the chief, though not quite the only reason, is that the alumni and old students of our Catholic colleges and universities are, in general, loosely, if at all, welded to their Alma Maters or among themselves. With few exceptions they lack efficient organization; sad to say, in some cases even initial organization. Once they have left the old scholastic halls many of them practically lose all contact with the institution, its Faculty and their former schoolmates, though there may be periodic reminders of the "big" game or an annual banquet, or that Alma Mater is in sore need of some financial assistance. In consequence everybody is the sufferer, and on many scores.

It was a sense of the acuteness of this situation in our Catholic educational institutions, especially as contrasted with what is being accomplished in other colleges, that inspired a devoted little group of Catholic college graduates, zealous to see Catholic higher education come into her own in the country, to initiate the movement that has since developed into the National Catholic Alumni Federation. It was but a small seed they planted but it has already grown into a mighty tree, its branches stretching from coast to coast and from the Lakes to the Gulf, and it has

brought forth good fruit in abundance. In three short years it has splendidly justified the fondest hopes of its organizers. Affiliated alumni groups and executives of colleges that have membership in the Federation and have watched it function, unhesitatingly testify to its worth and much more to its latent possibilities for the improvement of our entire Catholic educational system. Through its officers, bulletins, conventions and publicity it has materially helped toward the establishment of efficient alumni societies in some sections of the country and the rejuvenation of others elsewhere that were well-nigh defunct. This it was easily enabled to do because the Federation had not to experiment with organization systems, but was in a position to draw on the long and valuable experience of non-Catholic alumni groups which was generously put at its disposal by such well-organized alumni associations as those of Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Vermont and other universities.

Statistically more than half our Catholic college alumni associations—practically all our leading institutions—have membership in the Federation. The exceptions are chiefly in the distant west although the alumni associations of Creighton at Omaha, Gonzaga at Spokane and St. Ignatius at San Francisco, were all charter members, and St. Mary's, Oakland, joined during the second national convention.

Just now the Executive Board has issued a call for the 1928 convention, to be held in New York City, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, on April 20, 21 and 22. While its other conventions have been spirited and well attended, it is the hope of the Federation officials that the coming meeting will surpass those that have gone before in both numbers and achievement. A splendid program opening with a welcome by Cardinal Hayes and the Mayor of New York, and closing with Pontifical Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and a sermon by Bishop Murray of Portland, Me., has been arranged. To be successful, however, the convention needs the active and enthusiastic cooperation of the entire body of our Catholic alumni, and whatever assistance college faculties and executives can give by their encouragement and prestige.

Previous conventions have been graced with the presence of distinguished members of the Hierarchy and a goodly number of our leading educators. At the last, President Griffin of Villanova, President Cusick of Canisius and President Brown of St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, were interested observers at all the sessions. It is the aim of this year's reception committee to bring together for the New York meeting as many of our Catholic college presidents as possible, as well to give them an intimate personal acquaintance with the workings of the Federation as to afford the alumni who attend a very direct contact with their old schools. Indeed the Federation convention would seem to offer an enviable opportunity

which no other occasion presents for Catholic college presidents to meet and know each other and informally discuss topics of mutual interest.

As the sessions of the convention are all public and as practically every Catholic college in the country has some of its former students in the vicinity of New York, the colleges would be very helpfully cooperating with the Federation were they to notify all their New York alumni of the meeting and urge them to be present, assuring them that they would be most welcome. In fact they may be informed that apart from the group membership of associations in the Federation, any Catholic college alumnus is individually eligible for active membership in the organization. The larger and more representative the attendance, the bigger and better things are apt to be accomplished for the whole higher Catholic educational movement in the United States.

As at previous conventions, so in the coming April meeting, it is unlikely that any of the association members will be without official representation. Obviously, however, it were well if distant institutions instead of designating as representatives old students who happen to reside in New York, would appoint delegates from their respective localities. Already St. Mary's, Oakland, has signified to the President of the Federation its intention of doing this, and it would seem that if a distant California college could thus send a personal delegate, almost any other college in the country could do likewise. While expensive, perhaps, the advantage in this is that such a man has a chance to report back personally to the members of his own association, and carry home the ideals, inspiration and lessons of the convention, to be put into practical effect afterwards.

In wholeheartedly, enthusiastically and actively cooperating with the efforts of the National Catholic Alumni Federation to weld together the graduates and former students of our Catholic colleges and universities, it seems probable that these institutions might find the key to the solution of many of their pressing problems. It is unquestionably a medium for stabilizing the religious and cultural traditions with which they send forth their students from the campus, a force to strengthen the ties that should bind alumni to their Alma Maters, and a great power to enhance Catholic scholarship and leadership, and shed new glory on our entire Catholic higher educational system in America.

THREE LEAVES OF SHAMROCK

This leaf for you who in your heart yet keep,
 Apart from all your later loves, one spark
 For that emerald earth where tides of twilight creep
 Along the hours and flood the days with dark.
 And this for you of these forget-me-nots,
 Who, when dreams are loosed to lead you where they list,
 Go out singing with them from your waiting thoughts
 To where fringed daisies drip of Irish mist.
 And you who never have a homing thought,
 Take this—the last. Some winter evening yet
 You will come upon it sudden and unsought:
 Then may it stir you till your eyes are wet!

PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

What One Layman Did

CHARLES T. CORCORAN, S.J.

THIRTY-EIGHT converts in two years is surely a record that any Catholic layman might well be proud of. But when the holder of that record happens to be a poor, uneducated Negro laborer, the reader will understand why I developed a sudden interest in David Smith of St. Louis, the subject of my story. It was he who brought home to me a few weeks ago the surprising possibilities of pamphlets as a means of broadcasting Catholic truth.

"What is the secret of your success?" I inquired shortly after I had made his acquaintance.

"Well," he replied, "it's a long story, but I reckon I must give most of the credit to my good Catholic 'boss-man.' He supplied me with pamphlets, and the pamphlets did the work."

Two years ago David Smith migrated to St. Louis from a little town in Mississippi. His motive for changing his place of residence was a religious one. In the little Mississippi town members of a masked and hooded organization made it a practice to stand guard before the little Catholic church of a Sunday morning and to prevent the colored parishioners from entering to hear Mass. Smith was delegated by his fellow colored Catholics to protest. This he did as persistently and as eloquently as he knew how. But finally when all his efforts proved barren of results he packed bag and baggage and was off for St. Louis.

In St. Louis he secured employment, providentially, it seemed to him, under a good Catholic "boss-man." That gentleman—may his tribe increase—took an enthusiastic interest from the start not only in the temporal well-being of his employe but in his spiritual life as well, and when he learned of the young Negro's remarkable zeal for souls, he simply could not do enough to encourage and support him in his admirable hobby.

At first the amateur convert maker was wont to sally forth armed only with a Baltimore catechism. If he found his prospective convert well disposed he made an appointment to call for him the following Sunday and escort him to a Mass for colored people at St. Nicholas Church.

"Some of the folks," he told me, "are fascinated by the music and the ceremonies of the High Mass. They never see anything like that in any non-Catholic church. But others are only mystified by the solemn liturgy. It means nothing to them. When I see this," he went on, "I tell them to have patience. Then the next Sunday I bring them to a low Mass. Ah, that's what they like—very many of them, at least. Just this morning a man told me after an early Mass that he was going to begin at once to take instructions. He admitted that he did not know what the Mass meant, but he watched the people, and for the first time in his life, he said, he saw people pray—really pray with faith in God."

"Sometimes," my colored friend continued, "these

folks would ask me questions that I could not answer. That was where the catechism came to my rescue. But even the catechism did not know all the answers. So I consulted my boss-man, and he, as usual, gave me valuable advice and the money to put it into practice. He handed me ten dollars and suggested that I get a supply of pamphlets to aid me in my campaign. The next day I got the pamphlets and from that time on, it has been smooth sailing. If I had had the pamphlets in the beginning, I am positively sure I could have brought many more than thirty-eight converts to the Faith in these two years."

It is quite possible, I am aware, that the experience I have just related could be matched or even bested by the experiences of others. I offer it merely as a sample of what can be done—what has been done by one, poor, uneducated Negro layman. I myself could add other instances. I know, for example, of a militant young Catholic in a little town of northern Minnesota, who by means of pamphlets converted five rank "outsiders" into ardent Catholics and a town full of bitterness into a very friendly community. Another exponent of the power of pamphlets is the Inquiry Class of St. Louis University, which maintains a record of a hundred converts a year. In fact, all over the country today priests and laymen are making use of hundreds of thousands of pamphlets.

But as I stated above, the experience that impressed me most and opened up a new world of possibilities to me was that of my colored friend in St. Louis. Here in the first place is a layman who on his own initiative is systematically making converts. And secondly he is succeeding in his work in the face of grave difficulties—lack of education, lack of position, lack of means. After seeing what he had done, the reflection naturally forced itself upon me: what an immense amount of good could be accomplished in a similar way by our thousands of educated, influential Catholic laymen.

It is a fact patent to every priest who has received converts into the Church that there are tens of thousands of sincere inquirers outside the Fold who are even now groping blindly and with uncertain step towards the light of truth. What Catholic layman has not encountered at least a few of them? They have their doubts, their difficulties, their prejudices. Many of them have turned from a doubting, disunited Protestantism to take up one by one and to drop in disgust such impossible systems as Spiritism, Theosophy, Christian Science. Of the Catholic Church they know little or nothing except a few oft-told lies. They approach their Catholic friend with a question they are convinced he cannot answer to their satisfaction. And too frequently the Catholic does not disillusion them. It may be that the Catholic layman who is questioned is not sufficiently instructed, or that for lack of time or because of an interruption he is not able to give an adequate answer. Only too frequently the half-ashamed Catholic gives his inquirer to understand that he does not care to discuss religion. Or he may, as so often happens, dismiss the question with the perfectly useless advice to "consult a priest about the matter."

Of course, as every priest knows, the non-Catholic who consults a Catholic clergyman about religious matters is as rare as a Chinaman with whiskers. It simply is not done. In many cases the inquirer has pondered his question for years, and when finally he gets the courage or the grace to seek an answer from his Catholic friend, much, often very much, will depend upon the answer he receives. He may be encouraged to inquire further, or he may, in disgust, dismiss the Church and "all its works and pomps" forever from his mind. But one thing is certain: the reply to his question must come, if it comes at all, from the layman who is approached.

Let me here make a suggestion that several Catholic laymen of my acquaintance have found to be remarkably productive of good results. The layman is asked a question concerning his religion. He answers it then and there as well as he can. But then, instead of dropping the matter, he promises his questioner that in a day or so he will supply him with a more adequate reply. Then at his first opportunity he secures a pamphlet on the topic in question and either hands it to his non-Catholic friend or, if more convenient, mails it to him.

What an incalculable amount of darkness could be dissipated if this little suggestion should be more generally reduced to practice! The very fact that a non-Catholic asks a question is sufficient evidence that he is interested at least in that specific subject. In nine cases out of ten, it is true, he would probably not be sufficiently curious about the Church to read a book like "The Faith of Our Fathers," even if a copy were presented to him. But if his question is sincere at all he will undoubtedly read a pamphlet that answers his inquiry.

The Catholic layman who takes the trouble to interest himself in the matter will find that he has at his disposal an almost unlimited array of pamphlets treating every question that may be proposed to him by inquisitive non-Catholics. "Why do Catholics believe in purgatory?" "What is an indulgence?" "Why venerate the saints?" Each of these questions and hundreds like them are briefly, clearly, convincingly answered in pamphlet form. So, too, more general questions, "Why I am a Catholic," "How to find the true Church," etc., are succinctly treated in very readable, interesting pamphlets. By consulting his parish bookrack or a Catholic bookstore or his pastor, the layman can secure just the pamphlet he needs—and that for an outlay of not more than five cents.

In fact pamphlets are so inexpensive—and so valuable—that every layman who is interested in his religion or in the salvation of souls ought to possess a small library of them. A dollar a year, for example, will bring to him by mail (from the America Press) twenty-four issues of the *Catholic Mind*, a bi-weekly publication in pamphlet form on up-to-the-minute subjects. A small additional expense will place him on the mailing list of the Paulist Press, the Catholic Truth Society and other pamphlet bureaus that will keep him informed on Catholic subjects and enable him to do his bit in spreading the light of Faith.

With the Church today the cynosure of all eyes, with thousands of sincere non-Catholics asking questions and

thousands of pamphlets to answer them, conditions were never before so favorable for a quiet, widespread campaign of Catholic enlightenment. There is no need here of aggression, still less of the slightest offense to even the most sensitive. We know from experience that people who ask religious questions will generally read religious

pamphlets that answer them if only the pamphlets are available. It remains then for our zealous, active laymen to bring inquiring non-Catholics and informing pamphlets together. This done we may rely for the rest on God's grace and the well-known American sense of fair play for all.

Protestantism: A Problem Novel

G. K. CHESTERTON

(Copyright, 1928)

I HAVE been looking at the little book on Protestantism, by Dean Inge. It may be well to jot down a few notes on it before it is entirely forgotten.

The book, which is called "Protestantism," obviously ought to be called "Catholicism." What the Dean has to say about any real thing recognizable as Protestantism is extraordinarily patchy, contradictory and inconclusive. It is only what he has to say about Catholicism that is clear, consistent and to the point. It is warmed and quickened by the human and hearty motive of hatred; and it makes everything else in the book look timid and tortuous by comparison.

I am not going to annotate the work considered as history. There are some startling falsifications of fact, especially in the form of suppressions of fact. For instance, he calmly quotes the Divine advice by which "self-discipline is as far as possible to be concealed from others," as if it were a specially Protestant notion. The fact is, of course, that Our Lord said, "When you fast, anoint your head and wash your face," accepting fasting as a normal religious habit, but forbidding a self-righteous parade of our austerity before others; which is exactly what every good Catholic from the time of the Catacombs has learned as the essence of Catholicism. It was the Puritans who turned Christmas into a fast day and Prohibition into a part of the Constitution.

To mention only one of many minor falsifications, it is quite true to say that Milton was in many ways more of a Humanist than a Puritan; but it is quite false to suggest that the Milton family was a typical Puritan family in its taste for music and letters. The very simple explanation is that the Milton family was largely or mainly a Catholic family; and it was the celebrated John who specially separated himself from its creed, but retained its culture. Countless other details as definitely false could be quoted; but I am much more interested in the general scope of the work, which allows itself to be so curiously pointless about Protestantism merely in order to make a point against Catholicism.

Here is the Dean's attempt at a definition: "What is the main function of Protestantism? It is essentially an attempt to check the tendency to corruption and degradation which attacks every institutional religion." So far, so good. In that case St. Charles Borromeo, for instance, was obviously a leading Protestant. St. Dominic and St.

Francis, who purged the congested conventionalism of much of the monasticism around them, were obviously leading Protestants. The Jesuits, who sifted the legend by the learning of Bollandism, were obviously leading Protestants. But most living Protestant leaders are not leading Protestants.

If degradation drags down every institutional religion, it has, presumably, dragged down Protestant institutional religion. Protestants might possibly appear to purge Protestantism; but so did Catholics appear to purge Catholicism. Plainly, this definition is perfectly useless as a distinction between Protestantism and Catholicism. For it is not a description of any belief or system or body of thought; but simply of a good intention, which all men of all churches would profess and a few men in some churches practise—especially in ours. But the Dean not only proves that modern Protestant institutions ought to be corrupt, he says that even their primitive founders ought to be repudiated. He distinctly holds that we cannot follow Luther and Calvin. Very well: let us go on and see whom we are to follow.

I will take one typical passage towards the end of the book. The Dean first remarks, "The Roman Church has declared that there can be no reconciliation between Rome and modern Liberalism or Progress." One would like to see the Encyclical or decree in which this declaration was made. Liberalism might mean many things, from the special thing which Newman denounced (and defined) to the intention of voting at a by-election for Sir John Simon. Progress generally means something which the Pope has never, so far as I know, found it necessary to deny; but which the Dean himself has repeatedly and most furiously denied.

He then goes on: "Protestantism is entirely free from this uncompromising preference for the Dark Ages." The Dark Ages, of course, is cant and claptrap; we need take no notice of that. But we may perhaps notice, not without interest and amusement, that about twenty-five lines before, the Dean himself has described the popular Protestantism of America as barbarism and belated obscurantism. From which one may infer that the Dark Ages are still going on exactly where there is Protestantism to preserve them. And considering that he says at least five times that the appeal to Scripture is narrow and superstitious, it surely seems a little astonishing that he should sum

up by declaring Protestantism, as such, to be "*entirely free*" from this sort of darkness. Then, on top of all this welter of wordy contradictions, we have this marvelous and mysterious conclusion: "It is in this direction that Protestants may look for the beginning of what may really be a new Reformation, a resumption of the unfinished work of Sir Thomas More, Giordano Bruno and Erasmus."

In short, Protestants may look forward to a Reformation modelled on the work of two Catholics and one obscure mystic, who was not a Protestant, and of whose tenets they and the world know practically nothing. We might meekly suggest that, if it be regrettable that the work of Sir Thomas More was "unfinished," some portion of the blame may perhaps attach to the movement that cut off his head.

Is it possible, I wonder, that what the Dean really means is that we want a new Reformation, to undo all the harm that was done by the old Reformation? In this we certainly have no reason to quarrel with him. We should be delighted also to have a new Reformation, of ourselves as well as of Protestants and other people; though it is only fair to say that Catholics did, within an incredibly short space of time, contrive to make something very like a new Reformation, which is commonly called the Counter-Reformation. St. Teresa and St. Francis of Sales have at least as good a right to call themselves inheritors of the courtesy and charity of More as has the present Dean of St. Paul's.

But putting that seventeenth-century reform on one side, there is surely something rather stupendous about the reform that the Dean proposes for the twentieth century, and the patron saints he selects for it out of the sixteenth century.

For this, it seems, is how we stand. We are not to follow Luther and Calvin. But we are to follow More and Erasmus. And that, if you please, is the true Protestantism and the promise of a second Reformation. We are to copy the views and virtues of the men who found they *could* remain under the Pope, and especially of one who actually died for the supremacy of the Pope. We are to throw away practically every rag of thought or theory that was held by the people who did not remain under the supremacy of the Pope. And we are to bind up all these views in a little popular pamphlet with an orange cover and call them "Protestantism."

The truth is that Dean Inge had an impossible title and an impossible task. He had to present Protestantism as progress, when he is far too acute and cultivated a man not to suspect that it was (as it was) a relapse into barbarism and a breakaway from all that was central in civilization. Even by the test of the Humanist, it made religion inhuman. Even by the test of the liberal, it substituted literalism for liberalism. Even if the goal had been mere Modernism, it led its follower to it by a long, dreary, and straggling detour, a wandering in the wilderness, that did not even discover Modernism till it had first discovered Mormonism. Even if the goal had been logical scepticism, Voltaire could reach it more rapidly from the school of

the Jesuits than the poor Protestant provincial brought up among the Jezreelites.

Every mental process, even the process of going wrong, is clearer in the Catholic atmosphere. Protestantism has done nothing for Dean Inge except give him a Deanery, which rather hampers his mental activity. It has done nothing for his real talent or scholarship or sense of ideas. It has not in history defended any of the ideas he defends, or helped any of the liberties in which he hopes. But it has done one thing: it has hurt something he hates. It has done some temporary or apparent harm to the heritage of St. Peter. It once made something that looked like a little crack in the wall of Rome. And because of *that*, the Dean can pardon anything to the Protestants—even Protestantism.

For this is the strange passion of his life; and he toils through all these pages of doubts and distinctions only for the moment when he can liberate his soul in one wild roar of monomaniac absurdity: "Let the innocent Dreyfus die in prison; let the Irishman who has committed a treacherous murder be told to leave 'politics' out of his confession; let the lucrative imposture of Lourdes . . ." That is the way to talk! It is so tiring, pretending to talk sense.

I Sez, Sez I

MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

THERE were giants in those days,—giants of thought and diction in those journalistic days of yore, even long before Eugene Field wrote his merry odyssey about the men who worked with Dana on the New York *Sun*. Without being singular, these editors were becomingly plural. "Two heads are better than one," must have been the motto framed upon the wall of the sanctum; for each editor seemed to speak for himself and somebody else: "We offer our humble opinion on this question."

The editorial "We" was beautiful in its connotation, implying that the supreme desk had united to itself the entire body and soul of the journal,—to wit, the reporters and machinists, even the printer's devil: and in the higher sphere, men of art in letters, of ethics in politics, and of erudition in the sciences. And in what an atmosphere of modesty the combined "We" conducted the drama, each pen plying its best for the common good, and yet incognito, no particular name signed to the column, were it an editorial on the Fifth Avenue dude or a report from Capitol Hill.

On occasion, of course, there were signed papers, the *Magnum Opus*, for instance, which at the close of the year, was a full-page meditation by an expert on the times and manners: or on some public controversy, such as Protection and Free Trade, when James G. Blaine and William E. Gladstone put their names to a discussion for which they each received one dollar per word, even for each article in the articles.

In this our day, any scribbler who has had an extension course in a Summer School is "an authority" on any theme, though he miss by many pounds, shillings and

pence the honorary emolument which accrues to the lucubration of a bona-fide authority. Nowadays we cannot have a report of a fire or a fight, a game or a gambol, without the "authoritative" name of the cub reporter. For it is a day of individualism (a camouflage word for egotism); for individuality and personality are not the same thing. The old editorial "We" had personality.

In other activities, too, aside from journalism, greatness modestly yet forcefully worked through a duality. *Bini et bini*, two by two they were frequently found, "teaming together," the left hand knowing what the right hand did, the greater lamp sharing its effulgence with the candle. Edwin Booth was "card" enough for any theater; yet the billhead comes down to history announcing Booth and Barrett; and in the lower realms of high vaudeville, Harrigan and Hart was a plurality that merited the applause and the memory of the majority.

Great ladies, of course, were with propriety, accorded the singularity of large type at the head of the cast, each alone,—Madam Modjeska! and in the preceding decade, Mary Anderson, "Our Mary," as our editorial elders called her with lasting affection. And it is one good sign of the times to learn of the revival of that famous operatic duo, Gilbert and Sullivan, the "We" of Opera Bouffe, the double-headed creator of musical merriment.

Broadway, let us dare to add, should empower the present-day troupe of Gilbert and Sullivan to go as ambassadors of good will to Bolshevik Russia; the effect would be more curative, so thoughtful editors say, than the recent efforts of a jester and an aviator to salve the festering conditions in Mexico. Let these editors not hesitate to emphasize on the editorial page that simplicity and sincerity are divorced from diplomacy; for we are in the great divorce age, they admit: man is divorced from God, time from eternity, economic science from moral science, and conscience from business. And they are aware in their silence that the law courts on this side of the grave show no concern for these divorce cases.

Perhaps it is the thing called "new psychology" that shattered the idea of the editorial "We," and stamped a worthy personality into pieces, just as electrolysis blows the commonest of fluids into gaseous forms. For this so-called psychology, being in the forefront of materialistic philosophy, disintegrates the essential unity of man, by disregarding such notions as the simplicity and spirituality of the soul, and by assigning to various sections of the brain the multifarious functions of life.

Hence, according to that system, each cell of gray matter in the brainy dome would be an egotistical cub-reporter, independent of the supervising Mind and controlling Will,—that editorial "We" which, in the older (and still new) psychology, was held responsible for the actions of the entire staff, from Finger Tips to the news-gathering room of Brain. The chief editor was in control during all the wakeful moments of the staff; his authority directed the entire edition of each day's conduct; and if there were error or ignorance or malice, he did not impute it to a cubcell or the printer's devil, but

he met the full blame at his own desk of Mind-and-Will.

The vagaries, therefore, of this new psychology may be responsible for the excessive individualism, the immodest egotism, in modern journalism, and for that nomenclature which clatters from the capital of every column with the name of each penny-a-line contributor. Or perhaps it is the divisive methods in many educational institutions today that hastened the disintegration of the united impetus of the great daily newspaper as it appeared in days of yore.

The college curriculum a few decades ago (and some colleges still maintain the orderly system) gave a unified direction to all the courses, and the effect was a liberal education: languages and sciences, mathematics and philosophy were union laborers.

Then came the open shop of electivism, of vaunted specialization. Sheep-skins stalked forth full of bristling assurance; the newspaper woods became noisy with the crackling of green boughs. The young army of scribblers knew no ethics, but they pronounced "ipse dixit" on sociology and economics; ignorant of Latin and Greek, except in the dry bones of philology, they loudly flouted the vitalizing repetitions of the classics; and conversant with some Outlines of History, they volubly prated about things that never were on sea or land; and having made a thesis out of something in biology, they aped a conviction about evolution.

And again: the development of egotism in modern journalism is in some measure due to the conceit which is engendered by the pretensive course in journalism in schools and colleges. These courses are, for the most part, mere "fillers-in," stuffing their pompous pages into the syllabus, and assuring the restless student of a goodly number of "semester credits."

Accredit him, therefore, and his forceful individuality.

Though he has pursued no serious studies in belles lettres and rhetoric, in psychology and ethics (the curriculum that produced thinkers and writers); though he has never trained under the supervision of such editorial deans as Greeley and Dana; though he would not ascend the newspaper ladder from the type-setting rooms to a special desk (the route that Benjamin Franklin, Joel Chandler Harris and others took with honor); yet this conceited modern, this egotistic nominalist has a diploma in journalism; his creed of self-importance must reveal his name over every screed. Is he not the laughable replica of the fellow at whom Byron laughed a century ago?—

I too can scrawl, and once upon a time
I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme:
A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or blame:
I printed—other children do the same.
'Tis pleasant, sure to see one's name in print:
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

On another hand, the managing editor is somewhat to blame for the present scheme of things. By nominating each little scribbler of a paragraph, he wishes to show that his newspaper possesses a skilled Jack-for-all tales. Every edition must show the riches of his poverty. He frames up the Who's Who of his contributors,—a practice

that is especially the vogue in our weekly and monthly journals; as if the editor were playing the part of an interlocutor in a village minstrel show, gradiloquently announcing the next name on the program. What was said by Addison, humorously and anonymously, in the opening number of his *Spectator* is the serious and ostentatious method in our egotistic day. Said Addison in his pleasantries (No. 1, Thursday, March 1, 1711),

I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper. . . . I must do myself the justice to open this work with my own history.

This Joseph Addison, the observant *Spectator*, and his confrere, Richard Steele, the merry Tattler, were giants in their delightful anonymity, and they strove to reform modes and manners in the days of Queen Anne. With what an excellent incognito did Charles Lamb edit the reflections of his imperishable Elia; and how winsome was the precaution that Lamb and Elia proffer against any suspicion of vulgarity!

Certainly, there are occasions when direct writing in the First Person is imperative. That is a concession all along the road of giants in sincere apologetics from Socrates to Newman. Yet these and other noble minds shrink from the necessity of the First Person singular, and protest with the tremulous voice of modesty, as in the opening sentence of Newman's "Apologia":—"It may easily be conceived how great a trial it is to me to write the following history of myself; but I must not shrink from the task." But, pity 'tis, 'tis true that some of our younger Catholic newspaperettes, endeavoring to imitate the secular braggadocio of our moderns, or to imply an importance in their remarks, as if they were on a plane conceded to Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc, are in danger of a disaster that came to the frog in Aesop's Fable.

In a word, as hopeful editors tell us that the pendulum of common sense is swinging back to the lost glories of yesteryear, away from the hysteria of jazz music and free verse and dizzy cubisms of loud individuality, we may look patiently for the return of the editorial generalship, and for familiar essays and columns devoid of that familiarity which breeds contempt. For the restoration of the editorial "We," readers are unanimous: *Oui! Oui!*

ALTARS

Some in Persian fire,
And some in Grecian stone,
Seek daily their desire:
The God Unknown.

Theirs the urge through duty,
Religion's simpler name,
To shrine, in marble, Beauty;
And Love in flame.

Others, visioning wholly,
Can honor guilty Wood
And, hungry for the Holy,
May worship Food.

FRANCIS CARLIN.

The Church of the Salt Springs

BERNARD F. J. DOOLEY

LAST year many centennials and sesqui-centennials were celebrated in America. Many of these were anniversaries of momentous events in our secular history; while others had a religious-historical significance. Among the former were the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Oriskany; the triumph of Fort Stanwix, the fort that never surrendered, and the battle of Saratoga and the defeat of Burgoyne. Among the latter, was the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of St. John the Baptist Church in Syracuse, N. Y.

The celebration of this anniversary evoked the early history of America and the settlement of New York State. The anniversary takes us back, not only to the year 1827, but to colonial times, when the black-robed Jesuits broke through the wilderness and carried the message of Christ to the aborigines of North America.

It was Father Simon Le Moyne, a priest of the Society of Jesus, who was the real founder of the Catholic Church in the diocese of Syracuse. It was on July 2, 1654, that Father Le Moyne started from Quebec for the land of the Onondaga Indians. A young Frenchman joined him at Montreal and on August 5, they arrived at the principal village of the Onondagas.

Although Father Le Moyne's stay among the Onondaga Indians was brief, he accomplished two things. First, he carried back to Quebec a petition from the Indians, asking that a French village be built in the land of the Onondagas. Second, on August 16, he tasted the water of the salt springs. Eventually these springs were to be the reason for the foundation and early success of the town of Salina and the city of Syracuse.

In the autumn of 1655, two Jesuits, Father Joseph Chaumonot and Father Claude Dablon came to the land of the Onondagas. On November 18, the day of the dedication of the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, the Indians built a chapel for the Fathers. As soon as it was constructed, it was sanctified by the baptism of three children.

It was during the following summer, in the year 1656, that the French came to settle on the shores of Onondaga Lake. On the north-east shore, near the "Jesuit's Well," on a site selected by Father Simon Le Moyne, the first church in the State of New York for white men was erected. It was called St. Mary's of Ganentaa. For a while, this mission flourished and other missions branched from it to the villages of the Oneidas, the Cayugas and Senecas.

The hopes of the missionaries were soon shattered. The fierce Mohawk Indians went on the warpath and entered into a conspiracy with the Onondagas to destroy the missions. The missionaries learned of the plot and escaped with the members of the French Colony and some friendly Indians. Later the Jesuits returned to the Onondagas, but the great struggle between England and France for supremacy also affected the Indians. The Five Nations were allies of England. The Fathers were forced to

close their missions and return to Canada, taking with them the friendly Indians.

It was Father Le Moyne who first made known the usefulness of the salt springs to the Indians and the white man. The Dutch of New Amsterdam called Father Le Moyne's statement a "Jesuit lie" and they laughed at it. Later, traders carried salt to Albany and Quebec and exhibited it as a curiosity.

The first settlers came to the Salt Springs Reservation in the year 1789. They were attracted by the fame of the salt springs. In 1793, there were sixty-three people in the community. In spite of the unhealthy location and the prevalence of disease and constant sickness, the small community grew. There was wealth in salt and this attracted and held the settlers. The village of Salina grew. It was incorporated March 12, 1824, and continued an independent village until 1847, when Syracuse and Salina formed a union and became the city of Syracuse as we know it today.

Between the years 1789 and 1825, the Catholic population increased slowly but steadily. During that time, according to tradition, priests visited the community occasionally. It was Thomas McCarthy, a merchant, who realized the need of a Catholic Church. He donated a lot on Salina Street and started a subscription list to collect money to build it. James Lynch was his devoted co-worker.

In 1826, the newly consecrated Bishop of New York was the Rt. Rev. John Du Bois. One of his first official acts was to give consent to Thomas McCarthy and the Catholics of Salina to build a church. He informed them that he would send a priest to them once a month. They commenced work on the church in August, 1827. The church was enclosed by winter and completed the following summer. It was placed under the patronage of St. John the Baptist.

In 1830, a resident pastor was appointed, the Rev. Francis Donohue, or O'Donaghue. He had jurisdiction over a vast territory that now embraces six counties. It must be noted also, that the two missions of colonial times, St. John the Baptist of Indian Hill and St. Mary of Ganentaa of Onondaga Lake, were both within the modern parish of St. John the Baptist.

It was in 1868 that the cornerstone of the new and present church was laid. It was completed and dedicated in 1871. Through the pastorates of various priests, the church prospered. It was a part of the diocese of New York; later a part of the diocese of Albany, and then of the newly formed diocese of Syracuse. A parochial school was built during the pastorate of Father William Rourke. In 1925 a new school was erected next to the Rectory.

The Very Rev. Monsignor Charles F. McEvoy, the present pastor, issued a booklet on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary. It is a fitting testimonial to the parish that has an historical background that reaches into Colonial days and can claim as its spiritual predecessor the first church for white men in upstate New York.

Sociology

The Injunction in Labor Disputes

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

THE hearings on the Shipstead-La Guardia bill have drawn more attention to the injunction than thirty years of protest by the American Federation of Labor. Or, to put the matter in its proper light, no one at Washington was deeply interested until the Federation began to exert political pressure. Last year the Federation finally succeeded in inducing leaders of the two parties in Congress to consider a bill to curb the abuse of the injunction in labor disputes.

The bill may be brought to a vote, but considering the steady and determined opposition offered by the enemies of organized labor, this may be doubted. Even some friends of the bill are not anxious for any action at this session beyond the hearings. They fear that too much haste may result in legislation which the Supreme Court will decline to sustain.

At the present moment then, the relation of the injunction to organized labor is much the same as the relation between the courts and the first labor unions of nearly a century ago, when men were prosecuted for conspiracy and other illegal acts, on the sole basis of their membership in the union. More than half a century elapsed before the courts rid themselves of that conspiracy bogey. Less than half a century ago (1894) the Federation began its fight on the abuse of the injunction. Must we wait sixteen years longer before the courts realize that in issuing injunctions even in strictly legal form they can easily fall under the ban of the adage *summum ius summa iniuria*, the greatest outrage is to demand absolute right?

Probably not. The debates of the last few years helped the public to understand that while an injunction is, technically, a proceeding in equity, it all too often operates most inequitably against the weaker of the contestants. An illustration of this fact can be found in Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia, where penniless unions are trying to keep up a brave fight for human rights against companies whose opulent owners, backed by the injunction, are determined to wreck organized labor.

The scales are not evenly balanced in these injunction mongerings. By supposition equal, the two parties do not appear before the court on an equal footing. Often the employer can afford to wait. The worker cannot. He is the weaker member of society, and therefore entitled, as Leo XIII teaches, to the special protection of the State. This does not mean that the State may discriminate against the employer, or deprive him of his just rights without cause. But it does mean that the State must practise distributive justice. Indeed, the whole theory of our equity courts is that where the statutes afford no adequate remedy, the courts may scrutinize and balance fundamental rights in order to devise one.

This theory, labor claims, has been distorted from its original purpose to be used as a scourge for the shoulders of the worker. Invoked almost exclusively by the em-

ployer, the injunction prayed for is often granted at the expense of the employe. To protect property, rights prior in time and nature, rights of a higher order than any claim to property, fundamental human rights, have been ruthlessly sacrificed. It is true that in many instances, the higher courts have refused to sustain these injunctions. But the harm had already been done the worker. He can go without food for just so long and no longer. Then he topples. It does him—or his survivors—no good to learn six months or a year later that the injunction which forbade him to agitate for decent working conditions, for a living wage, for the right to organize a union, was all a mistake. The employer won a victory when he won time, because he could wait. The worker lost because he could not wait. He had to eat. The larder was empty and his credit was at an end. The whole thing has been strictly legal and cruelly unjust.

We shall not escape from that melancholy process until the courts are ready to weigh human rights fairly against property rights, intangible and actual.

Leaving aside these considerations of human rights, many writs of injunction are clearly contrary to obvious constitutional principles. As was well said by the American Federation of Labor at its Detroit Convention in 1926, "Government by law and duly constituted authorities has in many instances been supplanted by government by injunction, government enforced without statutory enactment, government under which men are held guilty of an alleged offense without indictment by a grand jury, and the rendering of verdict by a jury."

It is this arbitrary denial of the ordinary processes of justice guaranteed in certain proceedings by the Federal and State Constitutions, which makes the injunction a dangerous as well as an odious process. Perhaps the indictment pressed by labor against the injunction was never better stated than by Mr. Justice Brandeis, in a minority opinion in the *Corrigan* case in 1921. "The equitable remedy, although applied in accordance with established practice," he wrote, "involved incidents which, it was asserted, endangered the personal liberty of wage earners. The acts enjoined were frequently, perhaps usually, acts which were already crimes at common law, or had been made such by statutes. The issues in litigation arising out of trade disputes related largely to questions of fact.

"But in equity, issues of fact, as of law, were tried by a single judge, sitting without a jury. Charges of violating an injunction were often heard on affidavit merely, without the opportunity of confronting or cross-examining witnesses. Men found guilty of contempt were committed in the judge's discretion, without either a statutory limit upon the length of imprisonment, or the opportunity of effective review on appeal, or the right of release on bail, pending possible revisory proceedings. The effect of the proceedings on the individual was substantially the same as if he had been successfully prosecuted for a crime, but he was denied, in the course of the equity proceedings, those rights which by the Constitution are commonly secured to persons charged with crime.

"It was asserted that in these proceedings an alleged

danger to property, always incidental and at times insignificant, was often laid hold of to enable the penalties of the criminal law to be enforced expeditiously without that protection to the liberty of the individual which the Bill of Rights was designed to afford: that through such proceedings a single judge often usurped the functions not only of the jury but of the police department; that in prescribing the conditions under which strikes were permissible and how they might be carried out, he usurped also the powers of the legislature, and that incidentally he abridged the constitutional rights of individuals to free speech, to a free press, and to peaceful assembly." (*Truax v. Corrigan*, 257 United States 312).

A process which allows the possibility that one man in a robe shall act as police, prosecutor, judge, jailer, legislature, and revoker of the Bill of Rights, calls, in my opinion, for some slight revision.

Education

Scholarship of High School Teachers

EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK

IN 1922 there were 3,204,141 students in public and private secondary schools and academies in this country. This number had increased from 202,963 in 1890. We have hailed this increase in numbers with characteristic energy as a great gain in achievement. The fact is that the increase in numbers has been so great and has come at such a rate of speed as to be practically overwhelming. The major problem in many sections of the country has been not to get an adequately trained teacher in the classroom, but to get any teacher. Along with this growth in size, there has gone a number of corresponding developments. One is the enormous number of small high schools, many with three, four and five teachers only, and some with only one or two. The development of junior high schools has tended to involve this question more deeply.

The number of subjects, and parts of subjects, has increased enormously, so that in the New York City high schools, students have a choice of practically two hundred subjects. The Utah State high-school inspector lists one hundred and two subjects offered in that State, which includes in addition to the regular subjects, poultry, chorus, machine arts, aesthetic dances, farm management, home nursing, farm mechanics, millinery, horticulture, a review of common branches, history of music, psychology, ethics, agricultural engineering, and parliamentary law.

There are many problems involved in this development. One that has been perhaps most largely neglected is the problem of the scholarship of the teacher. Careful search of the literature of secondary education does not reveal any adequate discussion of the subject. Wherever the subject is mentioned—and it is only mentioned, not discussed—it is assumed that the problem is simple, quite clear, and quite easy of solution. The solution of the problem is not only not revealed, it is not even defined. Again it is assumed apparently that the statement of certain

formal educational requirements—exposure to college or normal-school teaching for a period of time, ordinarily four years—is all that is necessary. The discussion seems to identify or confound scholarship with a period of study. Stress there is, even exaggeration, on professional training; but scholarship is not mentioned, or merely referred to in passing. One notices with a good deal of interest and some expectation that, in schemes for bonuses for teachers in service who continue to study, scholarship is alluded to; but almost always, as will be noted later, the further study means a study of educational psychology, measurements, or other phases of educational theory or practice, not the deepening or broadening of one's knowledge of the subject that is being taught.

While this increase in numbers was going on, we were passing from a period where knowledge of subject matter was all that was required, to a period where method was everything. Along with this development there was a strong and well-defined movement in the larger secondary schools for one-subject teachers. College practice was undoubtedly responsible for this. We have now moved from one extreme to another—from the extreme of a teacher unprepared to teach any subject but asked to teach many or all subjects, to that of our specialist of today, who teaches one subject or only a part of a subject. This specialist is an obstacle in administration because of his limited usefulness in the schedule of classes; he may even be an obstacle in the achievement of the very purpose of the secondary school. This Professor Sachs suggested in 1912:

In fact, the very intensity of the specialist operates against the primal function of the secondary school, an expansion of youthful interests, disclosure of various avenues of pursuit, each with an interest of its own, each offering attractions to one or the other student.

As an integral part of a school organism, and as a contributor to the making of an all-round human being with a wholesome preliminary outlook into various possibilities of human activity before a final choice is made, the specialist has little to offer. The interplay of intellectual interests should be unfolded to the growing minds of our young people; even where a strong native bent manifests itself early, the influence of the school should be in the direction of a broadening of sympathies, rather than of a narrowing tendency. Necessary as specialization has become in the activities of life, and in the higher stages of professional activity, its limitations do not serve the best interest of the pupil in the secondary school, and the specialist teacher in the secondary school, if completely engrossed in his specialty, is not the most helpful adviser. Goethe's "Who knows but one tongue, knows none," is particularly applicable to the one-subject teacher of the secondary school; a teacher is likely to be the more effective in one field if he surveys his subject from several distinctive points of view.

We were developing in our small schools graduates from normal schools who had not had academic training beyond the secondary school grade, and who, though teachers of many subjects, were equally unprepared in all. They were, in the language of Dean James E. Russell of Teachers College, "teachers with nothing to teach." We are passing out of that stage somewhat, particularly with the help of the magical transformation in this country in the last few years of normal schools into teachers' colleges. More emphasis is placed on subject matter—or is going to be placed on subject matter. Teachers fre-

quently had to teach subjects in which they were totally unprepared. The situation, in an extreme degree, is shown in the report of the Classical investigation, which says:

In many cases teachers with practically no training in Latin have had to be taken in order to do something to provide for the increasing number of Latin pupils. (p. 249, I, 1924.)

The less encouraging aspect of this huge Latin enrollment is that the supply of teachers, whether adequately or inadequately trained, is very insufficient and that small provision is being made for training Latin teachers. (p. 251, I, 1924.)

In this development there has been an assumption that formal training and adequate knowledge were the same thing. The degrees of universities furnished a ready-made scheme for determining the scholarship of teachers. We set up as our practical standard the A. B. degree. If the A. M. was secured, so much the better, and the Ph.D. was the certain means of educational salvation. In fact, salary schedules were so constructed that these degrees respectively had a definite monetary value. The A. M. in the first year of service, and every year thereafter, was worth \$200 more than the A. B., and the Ph.D. \$300 more than the A. B.

The identification of scholarship and formal training is potentially dangerous for the secondary school, particularly as it sets up the Ph.D. degree as its ideal. Useful as the Ph.D. is in university research and the advancement of knowledge, it is a serious question whether he represents the type of scholarship needed in the secondary school. In too many cases, Ph.D.'s are failures as teachers in secondary schools even where their scholarship is high. What the secondary school needs is not the organization of knowledge for the advancement of learning, not the products of imitation research, not specialists, pedants, bookworms, not the academic mind, which Professor Hudson of the University of Missouri notes may be accompanied by "the paradoxical humility of the self-complacent," but a scholarship in the service of the education of adolescents.

What the nature of that scholarship is, I have described and pointed out in detail in my "Scholarship of Teachers in Secondary Schools" (Macmillan). Its summary may be presented here. The fundamental scholastic requisites for teachers in secondary schools are (1) a liberal education, (2) mastery of at least three subjects which the candidate expects to teach, and (3) professional training not divorced from subject matter, but intimately related to it. A genuine liberal education will produce an integrated personality with the great qualities of self-discipline, self-knowledge, and self-control. It will have more specifically three main characteristics, a personality touching life on many sides, with extensive intellectual interests, and a deep and broad sympathy. Nothing human will be foreign to it. In the second place it will be characterized by insight and critical intelligence, which is thus defined by Roscoe Pound:

To think critically, to hold their minds open and form tolerant judgments of their fellows, to resist unreason and abhor wilfulness, to look with discrimination upon the fashionable project of the moment, to remain unmoved by crazes and panics and hysterias, judging them by a matured sense of values and appraising their phenomena at their permanent worth.

But a personality developed on many sides and possessed of keen intellectual power may still have something wanting. Unless it be guided by a firm belief in the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," we shall have a worse form of selfishness—selfishness of knowledge, a sophisticated and rationalized selfishness. This is the indispensable foundation for the high-school teacher, more important than research, more important than the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, more important than any statement of formal training.

But with this personality requirement must go a statement of the mastery of subject. In stating what is included in this, we may again adopt a summary method of statement. The scholarship of the secondary school teacher, so far as it relates to the mastery of the subjects he is to teach, should include a comprehensive grasp of the subject as an organized body of knowledge, familiarity with its principles of classification and method, and a fairly extensive accurate knowledge of its content. Supplementing this statement of what should ordinarily be considered mastery of subject, there should go (1) an appreciation and preferably some research in the problems in the subject, (2) a knowledge of its application in the ordinary affairs of life, and (3) a knowledge of the history of the subject and its great leaders.

The changes which such a conception of the scholarship necessary for the secondary-school teacher would force upon the college of liberal arts and the schools of education as now conducted, would be extensive and fundamental. "He who runs may read."

With Scrip and Staff

ST. PATRICK'S DAY brings with it this year memories of Robert Emmet, who was born on March 4, 1778, just one hundred and fifty years ago. The *Irish World*, of New York, gives the following extract from an editorial written by Patrick Ford fifty years ago, on March 2, 1878, which pays an eloquent tribute to this noblest of leaders.

"High up among and foremost in the front rank of all the Martyrs of Liberty, of all nations and ages, stands our ever-to-be-remembered and ever-to-be-loved Robert Emmet! That is a name before which we must all uncap. Not for anything that Robert Emmet accomplished; for what did he effect? Not for any brilliant military genius. Not for any special powers of organization. Not even for that soul-stirring eloquence with which he was so eminently, so prodigally gifted, do we this day do honor to the memory of the man. In the possession of almost all the qualifications which are essential to give shape to revolutions and success to rebellions many and many a leader ranks above Robert Emmet. But in the whole universal catalogue not one revolutionist comes before us with a more unselfish purpose, a more undaunted spirit, a more stainless record or a whiter or purer soul. Not one! Spirit of George Washington, of Samuel Adams, of Thomas Jefferson, we know your great and good works, and we reverence you all; but for single-

ness of heart and nobility of purpose not one of you do we put before this clean sacrifice offered upon the altar of Ireland's liberty.

"Brothers! Robert Emmet did his duty in his day. What is your duty? Such of you as do not yet know it, begin at once and learn it; if you do know it, then in the name of God commence to do it!"

LICENSING the betting saloons or shops under the Free State Gaming Act of 1926 has been blamed for an outcrop of gambling. Under the new Act book-makers pay a license duty for themselves and their premises, as well as a percentage tax on bets received. Bishop Gaughran of Meath, whose remarks about the relation of rods to children drew forth the ire of Bernard Shaw, has issued a pastoral letter on the question of gambling, in which the moral principles involved are simply and clearly stated. The following is a brief extract from the Pastoral, as quoted by the N. C. W. C. Service.

"Theologians commonly require four conditions that gambling may not be sinful. (1) What is staked must belong to the gambler, and must be at his free disposal. (2) The gambler must act freely, and without unjust compulsion. (3) There must be no fraud in the transaction. (4) There must be some sort of equality between the parties, to make the contract equitable. If any of these conditions be wanting, gambling becomes more or less sinful. It is wrong then for any one to gamble with what is necessary for the maintenance of wife and children. It would be unfair for an expert bridge player to take the money of a mere novice at the game. The professional gambler naturally possesses superior knowledge, with the result that the non-professional finds himself a loser on any long series of events. These losses are found to be a fruitful source of sin, especially among people employed in other people's business.

"The public do not realize that the evil threatens to become a national danger. We may hope, however, in the crusade against gambling from the recollection of what has taken place in reference to drink. Not long ago it was no disgrace even for a statesman to be seen drunk in public; now, even a workman loses caste with neighbors for such an offense. When will public opinion produce the same result in the case of gambling of every kind, whether it be betting on horses, playing cards for very high stakes, or gambling on the Stock Exchange?"

AFTER a lapse of nearly a hundred years, an ancient ceremony was revived this year. The old custom of blessing the fishermen's nets and boats for the opening of the Irish salmon season took place at Blackrock, Cork. The little group of fishermen, standing reverently in their boats, which were gathered around the pier, made an impressive and touching picture of deep Catholic faith as they received the solemn blessing of the Church, from the hands of Canon Tierney, before launching out upon that deep which cruelly claimed so many Irish fishing lads as victims this year past.

IRELAND'S tourist traffic is reported as steadily on the increase. Moreover the type of person visiting Ireland is said to be somewhat changed. Writes Lionel Smith-Gordon in the *New York Times*:

In place of the casual tourist, paying a flying visit to such places as Killarney, we have a greater number of prosperous citizens who realize the advantages of Ireland as a residence for some months in the year, particularly for the purpose of sportsmanship. It is well known that hunting in this country is of the best and more inexpensive and less formal than in England.

This is not such a lofty objective to offer the visitor to the Isle of Saints, but the wager is that the decent man who takes his trip from this country to Ireland will learn his spiritual lesson right sweetly while enjoying the beauties with which God has blessed the Irish countryside.

NEXT year, especially, should bring American visitors across the water, since it will be the one hundredth anniversary of Catholic Emancipation. Preparations are already on foot for the worthy celebration of that event in June, 1929. It is understood that the celebrations will extend over five days, from Wednesday to the following Sunday, and that the principal events will be held in Dublin. A meeting was summoned on February 24, consisting of the Committee of Management and other prominent Catholics, which discussed the best means of financing the celebration and other questions pertaining thereto.

THE *Irish World* says: "That interest in the annual pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick on the west coast of Ireland, is growing steadily year after year, is evidenced by the fact that the Cunard Line this year is devoting a special steamer, the *Samaria*, to the tour, the ship calling at Galway, a short distance by rail to the South of Clew Bay, which lies in the shadow of the Holy Mountain. The pilgrimage scheduled for the last Sunday in next July promises to set a record for American visitors to the mountaintop shrine of St. Patrick.

"The principal pilgrimage from America this year will be that of the Mayo Men's Association of New York, which extends an open invitation to people in all parts of the country to join in the visit to the shrine."

EVEN at a funeral the Irishman's presence is more welcome than that of other men of less spirit and hope. From far-off Buenos Ayres comes a notice, printed in the *Southern Cross*, of that city, relative to the announcements of obituaries and funerals. In future, says the notice, the *Southern Cross* will charge subscribers the sum of ten dollars, per column or fraction, "for publication of lists of names of persons attending wakes or funerals, in which list more than ten names appear of persons who are not of Irish origin." This may also mean that an Irishman's funeral is but a private affair, for himself and the family. Perhaps it is. It occurs too infrequently in a man's career to count for much. But his days of life concern very much the rest of the world, and the anniversaries of Ireland's historical milestones are the anniversaries of our own liberties as well.

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

Concerning Theodore Maynard

JAMES E. TOBIN

HAVE you ever felt the question of a sea breeze crossing your cheek as you wandered through summer woods, a breeze that plaintively, softly, asks why you have forsaken the wind and waves of the shore? It is just such a whisper that Theodore Maynard hears in his memory when a day, "grey and timid . . . crouches heavy-eyed and ill" upon a hill.

It was Browning who felt the tears of the wind, and wept, inwardly at least, "to be in England, Now that April's there," and Rupert Brooke who consecrated foreign land, asking that we remember that "there's some corner of a foreign field that is forever England."

It is Mr. Maynard now who hears the wind—sweeping across English downs and English hills—in his heart, as he sings in "Exile":*

Here where the season swiftly turns
Its great wheel forward while there burns
Red in the redwood trees;
And while the eucalyptus climbs
Above the palm trees and the limes
By Californian seas,

I think of England—and there wakes
Pain like wild roses in her brakes,
A pain as dear as they,
That digs its roots in English earth,
And brings an English flower to birth
Six thousand miles away. . . .

He is as a wanderer from heaven passing through lanes and towns, and seeing only the handwork of God; for everywhere he sees his native land. In sight of trees, or sound of bird, or flush of morning, he thinks of cherry orchards showing; of "dawn upon the willows, hung with silky pussy-tails, soft like them and grey," not crashing over the Sierras "strident like a trumpet"; of larks in actual meadows.

It is only the heartiest mariner who can sing, cheerfully, when fighting in strange seas. But Mr. Maynard is an English sailor. And in more ways than one could he have meant, "I am one with Drake's adventurous ghost." His soul is truly "stirred by that same wind which blew That ship and the name of England to this coast" as he says in his lines on the "Golden Hinde."

His life itself has been one long adventure, voyaging along amid dim seas and underneath strange lowering clouds until he turned to the peace of Catholicism.

Association with Gilbert Keith and Cecil Chesterton and with Hilaire Belloc on the *New Witness* about this same time was another strong factor in the making of Mr. Maynard, and more, in the making of his poetry. His verses had appeared up to this time in various English periodicals, but it was the introduction to the English edition of "Laughs and Whiffs of Song," by G. K.

*Exile and Other Poems. By THEODORE MAYNARD. New York: The Dial Press. \$2.00.

Chesterton, which called attention to the "fine whimsicality," "frank humor" and to the actuality of color in the poet's work. Chesterton especially spoke of "A Song of Colours," which, in a later edition of the book, went duly to the head position. This reveals two things, that not only was Mr. Maynard flattered—quite naturally, and quite rightly—by this early praise, but that he accepted Chesterton as his guiding star, a very good thing to have done. The result, however, was that too much of his early work had the echoes of the Wild Knight himself. Mr. Maynard's prose and poetry both became Chestertonian to an extreme; but all youths follow models they love best.

Later volumes revealed the falling away of this Boswellian fault. And separated from the actual companionship of his Catholic fellows he rose to new and untrammelled heights. His conversations at the "Flying Inn" were pleasant ones, but talking too long with the same person has the tendency too often to make you go forth and speak his views instead of yours.

Speaking of the "Flying Inn," we recall many boisterous drinking songs, included in Mr. Maynard's merry anthology, "A Tankard of Ale." He has written some stirring songs—and it is glorious to hear him read them—such extravagant vocal gestures as his "Drinking Song," "The Mermaid Tavern" and "In Praise of Arundel" where "the pubs stay open till eleven"; but this is not the strongest harbor of his muse.

In speaking of his other work it is necessary to explain that he has been perfectly content, and we with him, to send his ship only upon the charted seven seas of poetry. And we are almost inclined to say there are but seven on the map of that strange land called "Poesie." Mr. Maynard has been generally conservative. He has, of course, experimented with new rhythms and new rhymes, but has not tried to get along without either. The true poet cannot, he contended in an early essay on poetry: "Poetry is the embodied verbal expression of the sublimated imagination . . . Normal in practice this expression demands rhythm . . . (and), when the sublimated imagination becomes fired with emotion—look out for a riot of rhymes!"

His aim is not difficult to discover; it is, we believe, revealed in the lines:

God has put me in the world to praise
Each beetle's unburnished wing, each blade of grass,
To track the manifold and marvelous ways
Whereon His bright creative footsteps pass . . .

As to what paths he has taken in following the first "Maker" of things, they might be labeled: love, divine and human; patriotism; good-fellowship. Much as we dislike labeling things we cannot help seeing that all his work seems to fall naturally under these headings, but one should not conclude therefore that it is tiresome. His variations on a theme are not repetitious; new melody bursts forth at each new sweeping of the strings.

We have in "Peace," "Eden Re-Opened," "Viaticum," "After Communion," "Laus Deo," "Annunciation," "Job," "At Woodchester" and "Chastity" from his

earlier books, and in "Houses," "Worlds," "Condemned" and "In Time of Doubt," in this latest book, a most feeling understanding of "the ineffable beauty that is God." Unfortunately the above list is but a series of dull names, but we cannot quote everything, much as we would like too; the names must stand, as does the "of the saints, for pages, life-times, of love's laboring."

No less than he loves God does the poet love her who is "all things" on earth to him, both "bread and wine" and "winter firelight," her of whom long ago Chesterton caught him singing:

What wilful trees of any spring
Than your young body are more fair?
What glamor of forgotten gold
Lurks in your hair?

And in this same throbbing overture are such deep movements as "Desideravi," "If Ever You Come to Die," "Dirge," "Nocturne," "Unwed," "Wed," "Fulfillment," "Tides," "Plunder" and the "Sonnets from an Unfinished Sequence."

Greatest of all his love poetry (and here we note that as in all his late chorusing, his voice is stronger than in earlier recitals), is that in "Exile," where he has blended the divine and human, where he has caught the full, deep meaning of "*L'Amor Che Move Il Sole E L'Alta Stelle*," which Patmore knew.

The series in "Exile" is Patmorean, but only in the Patmore and Maynard are both singing in the same pitch, a pitch as deep and masculine and mystically powerful as the love from which they have fashioned their belief. Mr. Maynard is not using Patmore for a model in the reverse—he has cast away from imitation long since—he evidently is in his life, and that fact has given him the tremendous strength and insight to the regions of the stars which "*L'Amor*" and "Reunion" achieve.

A more simple love song is "At Evening's End," where at the conclusion of a talk on death we listen to the passionate pathos of the mother's "Suppose the babe awakened up in sleep," of her wanting the little "her" and Michael both in death, of "I couldn't be happy until I had you all with me."

One thing more to be noted in this last volume from a pen which has published nine others, five of them poetry, is the scarcity of the nature poems, that is, those which are nature just for nature's sake. Mr. Maynard has come to know the lady of Francis Thompson more intimately, and as a consequence now uses what she has to offer him as finer illustration of what he has to say.

Nevertheless we look back to such poems as "Night," "The Marriage of the Dawn," "Song of Drunken Weather," "Ballade of Sheep Bells" and "Spring," which have the laughter "of the laughing sea," and wish there were some more of them.

No doubt there will be, for he has heard them—stirrings in a waking tree, a growing tree—they are the sound of distant chimes in a Gothic tower, the mirth of God "Who shaketh roof and rafter of highest heaven with holy laughter!" It is only a poet who can so laugh, and weep. And because it is more often both at once,

the happiness of pain, the agony of joy, he has said of his "Songs to Be":

Far in the darkness I can hear them coming,
And know not whether they'll be soon or late:

The bugle call, the faint drums drumming—
I cannot summon them, but only wait.

Yet closer than their splendor creeps their sorrow,
The sound of sobbing; but I cannot know

Their cause of heartbreak: on some morrow
I'll learn what filled my heart to overflow.

I hark the elfin fluting of their laughter,
A thrush-note vague upon a distant tree:

It well may gladden me hereafter—
Already is its joy alive in me.

The throbbing in my veins, the sudden passion
Are but the answers to their secret cry.

Oh, hasten! In whatever fashion

Let me make beauty once before I die!

"What prayer should reach heaven sooner than that last,
and what has so little need? For what laughter is more
like God's than "elfin fluting," elfin laughter?"

REVIEWS

As I Knew Them: Presidents and Politics from Grant to Coolidge. By HENRY L. STODDARD. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$5.00.

In a day when one wearies with the imposition of poetry from child prodigies, the fiction concocted by effervescent youth, the biographies and autobiographies which laboriously show the clay set of heroes and attempt to conceal the itching palms of youthful iconoclasts, there is a grateful sense of refreshing release when one comes upon a mature study, a well-balanced judgment and a considerate interpretation of men and affairs in any walk of life. Such an interval is offered in the present study of Mr. Stoddard. Fifty years of newspaper experience, which have brought him in touch with Presidents, politicians and men of affairs, give him insight to a hearing when he speaks, not in reminiscent mood but as a faithful witness and a judicious observer. With such recommendation and in such a spirit does Mr. Stoddard undertake this work. From his early days as political correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* up to his editorship and ownership of the *New York Mail*, he has been in a position to test, broaden and deepen his interest in the men who have been conspicuous in political life in the last half century. His work differs from the present popular "psychographic portraiture" in the very important element of his personal acquaintance with the men he reveals. Nor does this acquaintance influence his pen, except, slightly perhaps, in the case of Roosevelt whom the author frankly admires, but not without honestly remembering his mistakes. At no time does Mr. Stoddard emulate the modern defamers, nor imitate the earlier eulogizers. Neither a Paxton Hibben nor a Parson Weems, he is content for the most part to display his portraits without the aid of artificial light or the hindrance of colored spectacles. On his broad canvas, characters and scenes stand out in sharp contradiction to many popular legends and traditional beliefs. However, one cannot quarrel with the author who reminds us in his modest title that in such studies the personal equation will always keep opinions divided.

J. G.

Gladstone and Britain's Imperial Policy. By PAUL KNAPLUND, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.00.

Morley's "Life of Gladstone" is supposed to epitomize British political history during the long life of the Great Commoner, and this book is intended to supplement it by explaining his attitude towards Britain's imperial policy. Gladstone began his sixty-odd years of public service by doubting the advisability of giving responsible government to the colonies. The repeated failures of the attempts to create "happy Englands overseas" and to "stamp

the image of England on the colonies like a coat of arms upon wax" gradually made him shake off the shackles of Whig tradition and come to the conviction that local autonomy was the only solution for the constantly increasing intra-imperial problems. The evolution of the British Commonwealth of Nations that followed the refusal of the various colonies any longer to accept government in accordance with the wishes of English and Scottish electors enacted in defiance of local opinion, and administered by political and social castoffs sent out by the dominant imperialistic London clique, can be traced and appreciated in the ten well-arranged and documented chapters into which the volume is divided.

T. F. M.

The Oxford Book of American Verse. Edited by BLISS CARMAN. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. \$3.75.

The Best Poems of 1927. Selected by THOMAS MOULT. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. \$2.50.

Before the American Revolution there was not much poetry and no good poetry written in this land. Accordingly, Mr. Carman heads his anthology with two poems by Philip Freneau who was born in 1752. The latest poets whom he includes are of the 1890 generation. In his preface he acknowledges that he has not attempted an encyclopedic survey of all the American poets nor has he followed a well-defined norm in his selection. However, he has made a choice gleaned of the better-known poems. So popular are numbers of them that most readers could recite them from memory; "Marco Bozzaris," "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Home, Sweet Home," for example, are among the first poems collated. And those that follow, from Bryant, Emerson and Longfellow, from Poe and Whitman, are only slightly less known. The result is that the anthology is not a novel collection and offers chance of few startling discoveries. Nevertheless, it is an anthology that well fulfils the purpose set by the editor and that will prove agreeable and useful to those who are seeking a book with such a purpose. The Catholic representation includes Tabb, Guiney and O'Reilly, but not many more. Mr. Moul's volume of poems selected from the magazines of last year is not large nor is it impressive. There are a few poems undeniably good and many more that are quite distinctive. But one feels that a dozen or more anthologies quarried from the same sources would equal or could surpass this collection. Though Mr. Moul, by his own statement, has not been partial to conventionalized verse, he has not succeeded in discovering poems that are new either in content or in form. His poems differ from the older style mostly in their staccato restlessness, in their lack of mellowness and sweetness. It is well that Mr. Moul continue his office of anthologist though his selections indicate the leanness of the poetic harvest.

F. X. T.

Shin-To. By REV. GEORGE SCHURHAMMER, S. J. Holland: St. Ignatius College, Valkenburg. \$2.50.

Since Japan opened its mysterious shores to the European stranger, its religious system has been the object of much study. Shin-To, "The Way to the Gods," is one of its dominant beliefs. Great as our knowledge may be of this subject, we can boast none such as this elaborate publication is able to impart. While spending a number of years in the Land of the Rising Sun, Fr. Schurhammer made Shintoism a special study. The results of his years of investigation are embodied in this work. His statements are based on documents, many of which he reproduces with translations in English and German. He takes up in order the mythological period of Shintoism; the Shinto gods of the various periods of Japanese history; the manner of worship; Shinto ethics and the deification of nature. The value of the documents and the clearness of the elucidations given by the text are greatly enhanced by the numerous beautiful pictures, which together with the excellent press work make the book a brilliant publication. To render possible a wider circulation the whole text is in English with parallel columns in German.

F. T. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Helps to Christian Living.—Though "Couriers of Mercy" (Bruce. \$1.50), by the Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J., is written primarily for the edification and inspiration, and to aid the character formation of Catholic nurses, there is so much in it of broader application, so that others than those who have the care of the sick will profit by its perusal. In a chatty way the author stresses the dignity of the nurse's career, especially when vitalized by a religious motive, and the means best adapted to fit one for its responsibilities. Everywhere there is evidence that the author is both familiar with his subject and interested in fostering high ideals for nurses, doctors and hospitals. It is an especially succinct and splendid statement which he makes of the difference between the Catholic and non-Catholic hospitals when he writes: "The purely secular institution works on a natural basis, is concerned with natural principles, aims at a natural end. The Catholic hospital, on the other hand, works on a supernatural basis, is committed to supernatural principles, and aims at a supernatural end." This same fundamental distinction marks the difference between Catholic and non-Catholic institutions and movements of any sort,—journals, organizations, colleges and universities, even homes.

The spirit of Sister Benigna Consolata is affectionately and glowingly described by the Rev. John F. Clarke in the tribute he pays her under the title "A Crown of Jewels for the Little Secretary of Jesus" (Daleiden. \$1.00). This saintly Visitandine maiden had much in common with the Carmelite Little Flower and since her holy death in 1916, has been the subject of more than one popular biography. The present volume is not concerned with the facts of her life but with an analysis of the virtues which animated it. The two final chapters are taken up with a brief outline of the Order of the Visitation and a sketch of St. Francis de Sales.

Psychoanalyzing Religion.—Under the title "The Science of Religion: an Introduction" (Holt. \$3.00), Lewis Guy Rohrbach offers what professes to be a psychological study of religious experience. In effect it is an attempt to account for religious phenomena and more especially to reconcile religion with modern scientific development. Though ostensibly Christian, it is a very hazy and at times unrecognizable Christianity that the volume justifies. The orthodox believer will feel that the author has gone very far in the concessions he makes to modern theological and scientific speculation. Catholic scholars will question Professor Rohrbach's theory of atonement as attributed to Anselm and his authority for the assertion, among others, that "the church father Augustine, who had so much to do with the organization of theology, and later Thomas Aquinas believed genuinely in evolution" (p. 31). . . . "He [Augustine] believed the teaching of Genesis to be that in the beginning there was chaos, void, and that God placed within this the possibilities which later grew up into the heavens and the earth, and finally came to be the world as we know it today. Thomas Aquinas . . . believed that in the beginning the Creator planted only the seeds of things which germinated, developed, and grew to maturity" (p. 33). Indeed there is very much in the book to which exception may be taken.

How religion began and developed is the secret that Lewis Browne promises to tell his readers in "This Believing World" (Macmillan. \$3.50). It all began in magic; where it will end we do not know. Though the author has gathered together a number of amusing facts, side by side with these there is a great deal that is purely imaginative fiction. The careful reader will see the weakness and fallacy of much that the author puts forth as conclusive because of the flimsy and unwarranted premises on which it rests. "This Believing World" betrays as much ignorance as it does stupidity. But the marvel is that there are enough gullible people in the country to have sent this three-dollar-and-fifty-cent volume into its tenth reprinting!

In "God With Us" (Macmillan. \$1.00), Daniel Gibbons out-

lines the theology of Quakerism and stresses its potentiality for bringing about world peace and universal brotherhood. It is not so much a justification of Quakerism or a proof of the religious claims of the Society of Friends as a simple presentation of Quaker beliefs and practices. One wonders that those who place so much stress on Scriptural texts for their attitude about war and oaths, should appear so indifferent to those passages of Holy Writ which conclusively establish that the God-Man founded a definite authoritative organization for man's guidance.

Courting the Muse.—In "The Third Book of Modern Verse" (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.00), Jessie B. Rittenhouse has gathered together the work of some 150 poets whose work ranges over the past ten years. Together with its predecessors it makes a representative and illuminating choice of contemporary American poetry. The anthologist has wandered into the highways and byways for her verse selections, and has neither favored the great nor neglected the small.

Three volumes by individual poets are "Phillips Brooks and Other Poems" (Dorrance. \$1.75), by Marion Pelton Guild; "Tokens" (The Torch Press), by Father Jerome, O.S.B., and "The Upper Night" (Holt. \$2.00), by Scudder Middleton. Some splendid verses are to be found in the first of these, poems on natural, religious and appreciative themes. The author has seen a great deal in nature, never has forgotten whence it comes, never has forgotten to give praise, and thus the three divisions are joined. Among the finest are those on Charleston, S. C., and the Lake of the Sacrament, and those which sing of "the white flame of poets, Dante," the "mated souls" of the Brownings and the "wailing wind" of Poe's "Ligeia." The second volume, a tiny slip of a book, is filled with poems to the Blessed Virgin, written in the short compact manner of Father Tabb. Some of the songs are "golden-metale" from his "thought's vulcanry"; others are "flower-petaled"; some are the victims of too much alloy, others of too much ardor. The remaining selection is a mental struggle. Mr. Middleton has tried hard to convey his meanings, but has not succeeded any too often. He has very fine picture effects, and here and there, as in "Loss," "Dead Trees," "Children of Blossom" and "The Yokel," something besides that. Yet for those few much thanks.

Prayer Manuals.—What professes to be the first publication in English of the authentic prayers of St. Gertrude and St. Mechtilde, makes the content of "O Beata Trinitas" (Herder. \$1.00), translated by the Rev. John Gray. In his preface the author maintains that the well-known volume "Prayers of St. Gertrude and St. Mechtilde" is a seventeenth-century forgery. Be that as it may, the prayers breathe a spirit of devotion bound to prove helpful to those who aspire to close union with God and especially to penetrate the mysteries of the Passion and the love of the Sacred Heart.

To his other popular liturgical volumes the Rt. Rev. Abbot Cabrol, O.S.B., has added a new explanatory edition of the complete offices of Holy Week in Latin and English. "Holy Week" (Kenedy. 75c.), is a handy-sized, well-printed book, containing the liturgy of all the functions at which the Faithful attend.

The third edition is announced of "The Small Missal" (Macmillan. 80c.), which apart from containing the proper of the Mass for all Sundays and the principal festivals of the year, includes Vespers and the rite of Benediction, and the more common devotional prayers. It is prepared particularly for those who prefer something simpler than a complete missal. It is regrettable that there are no notes to indicate differences between the United States and England in the matter of feasts and fasts.

Prayers for the servers at Mass and directions for serving have been combined in a booklet of twenty pages under the title "The Manner of Serving Mass" (The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. 5c.). The same Press has just issued "The Funeral Mass and Burial Service for Adults." This latest addition to the "Popular Liturgical Library" should reveal to our Catholic people the beauty and spiritual value of the Mass for the dead.

The Blessing of Pan. The Professor's Poison. The Way Things Are. Parachute. Sagusto.

The vicar of Wolding was thoroughly perplexed. A simple country lad, through some weird sort of inspiration, began playing compellingly beautiful airs on reed pipes of his own making. First the young girls were attracted to Wold Hill, then the boys, and finally the old and the young of the entire village. The vicar battled the incantation till he alone was free of the spell. He had recourse to the Bishop and to the learned, but they would not, or could not, advise him. And so the poor distracted vicar capitulated and offered the druidic sacrifice on the Old Stones of Wold Hill. The village and all its people reverted to the pagan ritual and routine of some two thousand years ago. Lord Dunsany, in "The Blessing of Pan" (Putnam, \$2.00), writes a fantasy on nature worship that is delicately beautiful. It is a fairy story enacted in a modern setting, with enough reality in it to temper the glow of its flaming romanticism.

If one is palled by improbabilities in a detective plot then he ought not to read Neil Gordon's "The Professor's Poison" (Harcourt, Brace), for it abounds in highly improbable, almost impossible, situations. But if he be disposed to pass these over, he will find much to amuse and distract him as he follows the story of how a group of international rascals are thwarted in their schemes to make a fortune on a stolen poison-gas formula. The humor in some of the dialogue and the incongruities in the characters and episodes compensate for the absence of a worth-while plot. Evidently the author does not think much of ministerial ethics, for his parson engages with honor in some very questionable enterprises.

Life in the country, where the talk is mostly about bulbs and gardens is relentlessly portrayed by E. M. Delafield in "The Way Things Are" (Harpers). Laura Temple, who is approaching middle age, finds her only relief from the monotony of country life and the companionship of a humdrum husband, in the society of her two sons. For their sake she surrenders to the demands of running the house and servants, though all the while she cherishes secret ambitions for a career as a writer. Into her life there comes a sympathetic spirit who represents the things for which Laura is longing, life in the city and recognition as a writer. They see no deeper or higher motive for breaking off their affair than the tenuous reason that "the things of respectability kept one respectable." Mrs. Delafield hardly belongs to the sophisticated school, but she seems to be nearing the threshold.

Life in a hospital for convalescent airmen gives some semblance of honesty to the title of Ramon Guthrie's story "Parachute" (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00). Tony Rickey, the son of a fruit vendor in Peoria, finds himself in the little Adirondacks town with a former companion of his days in France. They have flights of various kinds. Tony is interested in the Russian wife of a local potentate and Harvey Syles, his companion, loves and loses Adrienne Halleck, the head of the Red Cross cottage. Here are found specimens of Americana that are crude enough to delight foreign lecturers and alien propagandists. The telling of "Parachute" is no better than the story itself. The forced style, the almost painful groping for words and the very careless syntax gives the impression that Mr. Guthrie's title reflected his mood. Here is an example of what one can expect: "But, just the same, almost every afternoon and most of the evenings—she almost never saw him any more."

The incentive moment in Cecil Robert's "Sagusto" (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00), is reminiscent of the device which developed "The Vanguard" into a full novel for Arnold Bennett. Major Cameron accepts the invitation of the mysterious Donna Soudaikos to dine on her yacht. He finds himself a prisoner. The Donna offers the most urbane apologies and explains to Cameron that he is the only man who can lead their expedition to recapture the Island of Sagusto, which has belonged to the Donna's family for generations. The Major finally acquiesces and the adventure gets away under full sail. Plots, counter-plots, alarms, excursions, deeds of villainy, all make up this modern romance and always in the distance there is the mythical island in the Adriatic.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule exceed five hundred words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Feeding the Hungry

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA for February 18, is an item headed, "Cossacks in the Mines." Bishop Boyle, of Pittsburgh, is quoted as saying, "Hundreds of families live in makeshift shelters, and have not nearly enough to eat or to wear. Children are going half naked and babies are starving for milk. Bad enough at present, the situation grows worse, and the wretched harvest of malnutrition and exposure will be reached in the months to come."

And when they are crazed with hunger, and revolt, Uncle Sam will quiet them with his guns. Shame on our rich and beautiful country. Where are the employers and proprietors? Are they human? Should not such brutal misers be jailed? Where are the millionaires? Where are the rich Catholics? In ages of faith, Bishops melted down golden chalices for the relief of the poor. To feed the hungry is a natural and sacred duty. Golden chalices can be dispensed with. To feed the hungry is more acceptable to God than marble altars.

Denton, Tex.

RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

McGrath vs. Earls

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The multitude of AMERICA's readers who are unfamiliar with any language other than English owe to J. L. Hoch, Tyndall, S.D., a debt of gratitude for suggesting the practice of translating into English all foreign phrases appearing in AMERICA. I trust that this will embrace the entire contents, contributions and communications alike.

I would like to offer a suggestion. I believe it would add interest if some identification of your contributors were given in each issue. For instance, although I have been a constant reader of AMERICA for about ten years, I am wholly unable to identify some contributors. There was a splendid article in the issue of February 25, "The Discipline of the Rod," by J. H. Gavin. I would like to know who Mr. Gavin is. Maybe he is a priest. If so, I would suggest that the fact be disclosed in the heading.

AMERICA, in my humble opinion, continues to be the leading Catholic publication, Mr. Mencken and his ilk to the contrary notwithstanding.

Los Angeles.

FRANK J. MCGRATH.

"The Discipline of the Rod"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA for February 25, under the caption of "The Discipline of the Rod," J. H. Gavin is somewhat amusing. On looking up the meaning of the word discipline, I find that it has a meaning antithetical to forcing education on children with a rod.

All good Christians who favor the birch fall back on the age-worn advice of Solomon. Solomon's advice, as I understand it, was meant for a disordered house. . . . No fair-minded person can stretch his imagination so far as to say that Solomon meant the rod to be used to teach school children. . . .

I take it for granted that in the case of a boy who leaves school at the age of twelve and goes to learn a trade, Mr. Gavin would throw up his hands in horror if the boss beat the boy for his clumsiness or his backwardness. By what logic can you beat a child for his good today and tomorrow condemn it?

Mr. Gavin believes in driving fear into school children, for you cannot birch them without doing this! The late Canon Sheehan said, "Fear is more fatal than hate." Fear is one of the greatest menaces to the human race. Instil fear into a child and you also instil anger! And we are warned that anger is one of the seven deadly sins.

Mr. Gavin asks, "What shall we put in place of the rod?" I answer, your question is quixotic. It never should be used on a human soul. The great all-wise God who created us, endowed us with free will, and gave us five senses, and supplemented these with intuition and courage. These are sufficient for all. No rod can ever take their place.

Bring out the best that is in the child by kindness and encouragement. We can do no more. The rod is a negation, it teaches nothing. . . .

Education driven in will not stick. You cannot train or teach a dog or a horse with a birch. Surely a human being is a higher, a nobler, and more sensitive animal than either of these.

Brooklyn.

TIMOTHY O'BRIEN.

On Translating Dante

To the Editor of AMERICA:

When "Thought Foundation" finds a genius who will give us a Catholic translation of the "Divine Comedy," let us hope they will publish the poem in three books, make the print large enough for failing eyesight (including the foot-notes) and give the task of rewriting these notes to Hilaire Belloc.

Ten years of annual dipping into the great poem has convinced me that one is rarely in the humor to go beyond one of the three sections of the poem at a time, and that the printing in three volumes would be a blessing. Since very few young people read the poem at all, it should be printed in a type that will be easy to read for older people. As to foot-notes, I find them as necessary today as I did when I first read the poem. A master of prose and history such as Belloc should be able to add immeasurably to the value of the translation if given the task of writing the foot-notes. And besides, if Brother Leo is correct in saying that translating poetry is harder than writing original poetry, the translator will have enough to do without this task of annotation.

LaGrange, Ill.

C. V. HIGGINS.

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early!

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Apropos of the article entitled "For Buyers of Christmas Cards," and also the one entitled "Christmas Eve in Hades," in your December issues, let me say that I heartily agree with the sentiments expressed in each and only wish that both articles might be read in every Catholic household in the land before the Christmas cards are selected for next Christmas.

If more of our Catholic papers would print such articles long in advance of Christmas, about Thanksgiving time or even before, when many order their engraved cards, I'm sure they could influence a great many "thoughtless" Catholics into selecting cards, either in design or sentiment expressed, or both, conveying to their friends the blessings of Christ the Infant King, whose birthday they are celebrating. I say "thoughtless," for surely it can't be but that and a craving for the "latest" or something "novel" that will let practical Catholics, even members of the Third Order of St. Francis, who himself taught such devotion to the Infant Saviour and built the first crib, send to their friends beautifully colored expensive parchment Christmas cards with their names engraved below a design of merry fiddlers or Japanese landscapes or anything except a thought of the Christ Child.

After coming from the beautiful and solemn services of the Midnight Mass, when we had received the new-born King into our hearts and were filled with such heavenly joy and we sat down for a few minutes (while the coffee was "pinking") to read our Christmas mail and encountered several such as described above—pagan cards—sent by good Catholics, it seemed to me a direct insult to Christ, the Infant King. I determined to make a study of the matter and found in comparing the cards of several families that much the same condition existed. Out of eighty cards received in one Catholic household, only seven had any reference whatever to the true meaning of Christmas and five of these were sent by non-Catholic friends.

It is not that beautiful Christ-like cards can't be obtained, for I've seen very beautiful ones engraved with signatures and containing the true Christmas spirit. Many more such designs would be offered by our big card companies if we would but demand them!

The *Salve Regina* cards sent out by the Catholic University of America and cards sent by the *Extension Magazine* and other Catholic companies are of course beautiful and contain the proper sentiment, but I wonder if they couldn't also send out a number of designs from which one might choose and have his or her name engraved upon them at so much a dozen and have them printed on parchment or whatever was the "latest." Then there would be no excuse for these fastidious ones sending pagan cards.

Spokane, Wash.

MRS. J. M. D.

Not 1658!

To the Editor of AMERICA:

On page 484, of the issue of AMERICA for February 25, it is stated that Henry Fletcher entertained Mary Stuart in 1658!

This is indeed interesting, considering that the royal martyr passed to her reward on February 8, 1587.

Is this slip due to the author or to the typographer?

Providence, R. I.

F. H. ANTHONY.

[The author wrote 1568. Typographical error. Our correspondent is thanked for the correction.—Ed. AMERICA.]

The Anonymous Renegade

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The recent anonymous articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* have elicited much comment; we are all justly vexed, peeved, indignant. But the really discouraging feature is the number of Catholics who plead for, almost demand, "dignified silence" and "silent contempt" as our one response to such pernicious propaganda.

Now please note carefully that the writer does not advocate answering in the *Atlantic Monthly*. If possible, such publications should be effectually taught that cowardly assaults upon the Church are not financially fruitful. Ultimately, such attacks ought to be a genuine blessing; for, as Father Hull admirably proves in his "Fortifying the Layman," every such attack is a new opportunity to educate the public about the Catholic Church, to get the truth before them.

Look the matter squarely in the face. Many millions of non-Catholics have heard of or read these articles. The more fair-minded are wondering what possible reply can be made. They wait; none comes; they naturally conclude: "It must be so." For the American mind has but one interpretation of silence, guilt; and can you really blame them.

It may give some personal satisfaction to indulge in "silent contempt." But how does that help the Catholic Church in America to counteract this new supply of poison that has been poured into the public mind and has thereby created new antagonists against us? "Dignified silence," failure to vindicate the Church and to educate the public sanely, safely, courageously—this is the surest way of creating other Mexicos. No, "silent contempt," when the honor of the Church and her most sacred institutions is at stake, is a heresy of the most pernicious type. The more quickly we learn this (if we ever do) the safer will be our religious liberties, and the more vitalizing our Catholic Faith in America.

Portland, Ore.

CHARLES M. SMITH.

[Father Smith raises a question which seems to require several distinctions. It is clear that it is the duty of Catholics to clear up as many as possible of the difficulties which may be raised against the Faith. Yet with our present means it is manifestly impossible to meet all the attacks which are made on us in the press. The attack in the *Atlantic*, being anonymous, was, in our opinion, unworthy of notice until the assailant becomes known. The unworthy claim of the Editor of that magazine that it was a serious discussion should be exposed, and it is to be hoped that it did not deceive the minds of any serious people.—Ed. AMERICA.]